THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DRAWN BY KARL ANDERSON

SHOPPING IN PARIS—By Mrs. John Van Vorst

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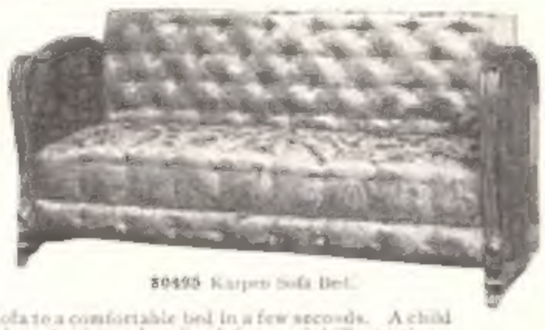

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Common Sense for the Paint Consumer

Some Reasons for the Phenomenal Growth of the Mixed Paint Industry.

1860

1906

IF ONE says a thing often enough the unthinking majority will come to believe one, no matter how absurd the statement. It is surprising, when we consider the mass of popular belief and superstition, how much of it has no other foundation than iteration and reiteration. All of us, even the most judicious, are more or less creatures of habit, and it requires a severe mental jolt to break a habit once fixed.

It is a habit with a great many people to regard pure lead and oil as the sum total of all that is good in paint. It has taken some centuries of strenuous assertion and some decades of costly advertising to cultivate this habit; but now, among the uninformed and unthinking the habit is pretty firmly fixed.

A severe jolt was given to this habit something over half a century ago when the honored French philanthropist, Le Claire, on behalf of the sufferers from lead poisoning, induced the French Government to substitute zinc for lead on public works; but the most startling shock the habit ever received was when, about a decade later, the manufacture of paints ready for use was begun in the United States.

Here was a practical appeal to commonsense and the pocket book. Most people can contemplate with equanimity the misfortune of strangers: if sympathy is due, a post-mortem bequest to a hospital will appease conscience. But when a palpably better, easier, simpler, cheaper way of doing an ordinary thing is offered, it is hard to keep the American public jogging along in the same old rut.

The ready-mixed paint idea was so manifestly in line with American precedents that it met with immediate acceptance. The industry has expanded since about 1860 from nothing to somewhere between 70,000,000 and 100,000,000 gallons annually. Some of these early mixed paints were crude enough—nearly as crude as the hand-made mixtures of the painters of that day—but the idea was sound, and after all it is ideas that rule the world; the physical details follow as a matter of course.

As mixed paint manufacturing developed and competition intensified, it was soon perceived by the leading paint makers that something more than guesswork was requisite to the production of salable goods. The practical paint chemist and the technical expert, once regarded as expensive luxuries, became essential to the industry. Besides, the large consumers of paint—railroad companies, implement manufacturers, etc.—by setting up certain technical requirements, necessitated intelligent accuracy at the manufacturing end. The Pennsylvania Railroad Testing Department at Altoona, Penna., through its careful work on paints and paint materials, gave a decided impetus in this direction, and the entire paint trade acknowledges its indebtedness to Dr. Dudley and Mr. Pease of that Company for their illuminating work along these lines. It was the investigations of these two competent authorities that first demonstrated the use and value of the inert materials—theretofore stigmatized as "adulterants"—in paints. Following the publication of the conclusions reached by these gentlemen, other competent investigators—notably Mr. Robert Job, Chemist of the Reading Railway, and Mr. W. G. Scott, Chemist of the J. I. Case Company—have carried the work forward.

Meanwhile the technical advisers of the leading paint manufacturing establishments have been busily engaged in analyzing and testing materials and combinations of materials, with the object of producing the most durable mixed paint, at the lowest practicable cost.

It is a notable fact that, as a result of all this work, paint authorities are by no means agreed as to the formulas calculated to yield the best results; yet it is equally surprising to find how nearly the many differing formulas come to yielding duplicate results under service conditions: it is a case of all roads leading to Rome. But while not in accord as to formulas, all are practically agreed in at least three conclusions: (1) That it is impossible with any single pigment (white lead, for example) to produce as good results as can be obtained from a combination of two or more pigments; (2) That whatever the materials employed, better results are obtained by fine grinding and thorough mechanical mixing than can be obtained by hand mixing in the paint shops; (3) That in the present state of our knowledge, linseed oil must be the principal liquid ingredient of satisfactory house paint.

The paint question has been so beclouded by the partisan claims of conflicting interests that the ordinary consumer of paints stands little chance of learning the truth. Let us endeavor so to place the facts before him that his common-sense will enable him to decide. On the one hand we have pure white lead ground to a stiff paste in linseed oil, colors (pure or impure, as the case may be) prepared in the same way, linseed oil bought at retail in the open market and therefore liable to all manner of adulteration, turpentine similarly bought and still more commonly adulterated, and Japan dryers bought in the same way and of all grades of goodness or badness according to the price paid. These the painter or painter's apprentice mixes more or less thoroughly, but always imperfectly, in the shop. The quality of the resultant product must necessarily vary according to circumstances, depending almost as much upon luck as upon the painter's skill.

On the other hand we have a carefully balanced combination of many materials, every one bought at wholesale and tested by rigid chemical standards, every item and the proportion of each item in the combination dictated by test and service experiment, and the whole thoroughly combined and amalgamated, as it were, by heavy machinery specially designed for the purpose. This material, thus intelligently designed and thoroughly prepared, is placed in sealed cans of convenient size and sold through responsible dealers. If a miscalculation occurs as to quantity required for any job, there is no waste, the unopened surplus is returnable; nor is there any difficulty in matching tints in case of shortage—the duplication of tints in the paint factory is scientifically accurate.

These are the bare facts of the case, free from argument and special pleading. The conclusion from them may be safely left to the common-sense of the man who pays the bill.

A word now as to white lead: there is no intention here to minimize the value of that pigment. It has certain qualities which has enabled it to maintain a high place for several centuries, and before the development of modern paint chemistry was the only available white pigment. But it is only one of many valuable pigments and not only gives better service when combined with other pigments, but by such admixture its well-known deleterious properties are correspondingly reduced. Furthermore, whatever the theoretical value of any pigment, practically its full value is secured only by thorough mechanical subdivision and intimate incorporation with the other constituents of the paint; and this means simply that white lead in a mechanically prepared ready-mixed paint is better than white lead mixed by hand.

The argument, so commonly heard, that some mixed paints are of poor quality is no argument at all. So there is poor white lead, and the fact that some cloth is shoddy does not cause us to discard clothing. The reputation of the brand of paint, the standing of the manufacturer, the responsibility of the dealer will enable the judicious consumer to avoid pitfalls; and when all is said and done, the dealer, and through him the manufacturer, is responsible for errors as well as for misrepresentations. Good prepared paints—better, more beautiful, more economical and more durable than any hand-mixed paint can be—are obtainable everywhere, and there is no good reason why they should not speedily supplant every other form of paint.

A list of manufacturers of up-to-date ready-mixed paints, from whom sample cards and full information can be obtained, will be furnished free to those interested in the subject by THE PAINT GRINDERS' ASSOCIATION OF THE U. S., 973 Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Joseph Medill Patterson

An Apostle of Hope

By Alfred Henry Lewis

Joseph Medill Patterson

IN THE outskirts of Milwaukee is a tree-sown, grassy breathing-place called Schlitz's Park—Schlitz: the name hath the aroma of Socialism! On a day not many weeks ago, thousands upon thousands of men and women and children gathered there. The children were happy, care-free, as children are with trees above and grass below, and the sun shining over all. The women were worn; anxious; poverty spoke in their eyes, their work-hollowed cheeks, their poor, patched frocks. The men—Poles, Bohemians, Russians, Hungarians, Germans, Jews, with here and there a Frenchman or a Spaniard—were rough, toil-hardened, bearded, with stumpy fingers and broken, unkempt nails. If not of the "submerged," they were so near the mark that just their noses were visible above the surface of society.

In the faces of the men and women there glowed a light. It was as though some mighty lamp shone there. The light was of the future, as they beheld it with their simple eyes of faith. The treadmill present might be without hope; they looked forward to a time to come. Somewhere over beyond the curve of their world was a harbor—the harbor of Socialism. For that they would hold their course. It might be far. They who were old might not live and last to reach it. But their children, or their children's children, would yet cast anchor there. Then would trouble end. The hungry would be filled, the naked clothed. Peace would take the place of strife, safety succeed danger, plenty supplant want, the slave would find liberty, the weary stretch their toil-strained limbs in endless rest. It was this vision of the future that glowed like sunshine in their faces—the dream-vision of Socialism.

Up in the speaker's stand a man arose. His garb was of the rusty-clerical. His eyes were bright with feeling rather than discernment. The man was the Reverend Carl Thompson. He held up his hand, asking silence and attention. A hush descended, broken only by the cry of a child too young to understand. The Reverend Mr. Thompson wished to introduce the orator of the day.

That personage advanced, bowing. He was young—on the sunrise side of thirty. There was that in his appearance to save and separate him from those about him. His was an American face—almost the only one. His manner told of refinement, his speech of education. There were no stains of labor on his hands. His clothes were of the best. These signs confirmed his story. He did no work; his present was safe with ease and luxury. His fortune counted into millions. His wife's fortune counted into millions. Their children were already sure of millions. In past, in present, in future, this Cicero of the Socialists was the antithesis of every man who heard him. And yet on his face, as on theirs, played that lambent ray of a great hope of bettering days ahead.

He began to speak. There was no straining for metaphor, no effort at effect. His phrase, like his manner, was straightforward, sincere, earnest, wanting embellishment. He told them they were serfs. He told them they might free themselves. Their fate, he said, was in their fingers, to be worked out by themselves. Their necks were bowed beneath the yoke of capital, but they might cast it off. In conclusion he cried:

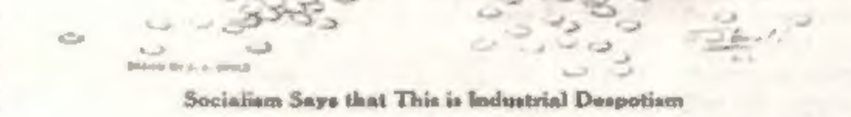
"Have hope! We are but abiding the time, comrades, when the legions of freedom shall have their feet upon the necks of the legions of gold!" Then, tossing an invoking hand toward the orchestra, he shouted: "The Marseillaise! Give us the Marseillaise!"

As the ready musicians crashed forth the music, he leaped down among the people. Those nearest crowded about him to shake his hand. With one voice they rang forth the song of the Marseillaise. Strong-lunged, rising above the others, the voice of the young orator could be heard, leading the hymn.

Who was he—this Cicero of the Socialists? He was Joseph Medill Patterson.

For myself I am not a Socialist. Socialism, to me, is the modern Procrustes. It is arbitrary, inexorable. There is the bed. If you are too long, you must be chopped; too short, you must be stretched. In any case you must be made to fit. Such doctrine of chop or stretch is impossible.

And yet Socialism is growing. The figures show it. The tables of Socialistic increase show that. In 1871 the total Socialist vote of the world was 101,000; in 1891 it was 1,799,060; in 1897 it was 3,896,602, and in 1903 it was 6,285,374. What promotes this augmentation? Trusts—monopolies—hog-finance that, fattening the few, does not leave the lean, starved many a destiny worth working out. Factories devouring children with their cannibal child-labor; railroads dismissing their employees at the age of forty—these are the sources of Socialism. Mankind, ground between the millstones of hand-to-mouth in middle life and an old age shadowed by want, backs into Socialism as into a cave of refuge. Men don't understand; but they embrace it for the promises it makes.



Socialism Says that This is Industrial Despotism

By arrangement, I met Mr. Patterson at the Auditorium in Chicago. I was curious as to his reasons for abandoning those walks of primrose idleness to which he was born, to accept hard-featured, unattractive Socialism, and with it the scorn and sneer of rich ones on whom he turned his back. There is no treason like caste-treason. Those silken, slothful folk whom he has abandoned nurse measureless resentment against Socialist Patterson. This should be no wonder; since, as a Socialist talking the language of Socialism, he speaks evil of them. Moreover, the axe of his appeal is aimed at the very roots of their existence.

Mr. Patterson's looks are vastly to his good. Of middle height, straight as a lance, sinewy, wide of shoulder, knit like a boxer, lean of flank and panther-wise, the natural athlete, one understands at a glance his reputation as a breakneck polo-player of the dreadnaught sort. His face showed him a bit overbred. None the less, it was a resolute, square-jawed face, with profound brows of thought. The eyes were deep, luminous, replete of a staring, unblinking honesty. They were the home of energy, courage, and a kind of fiery radicalism that finds virtue in the new. Nose well cut and strong. Mouth sensitive, pugnacious—the mouth of an artist or a poet—a mouth more ready for sadness than laughter—a mouth formed for sympathy or ferocity—a desperate mouth to match the latent desperation of the eyes—the mouth of one who may end high or may end low, but will not end tamely. Eyes and nose and jaw and mouth and brow, it was the face of a thinker and a fighter—a face wanting utterly in the passive—the face of a rebel rather than a revolutionist.

Before I met Mr. Patterson I had laid his Socialism to vanity. I pictured him as an eminent instance of The-Young-Man-in-a-Hurry. He was eager to break upon a world. He had not learned to draw the line between fame and notoriety. His moods were anxious and his methods coarse. These were my thoughts, as explaining a conduct, on his part, unusual if not wholly strange. Before I had been with him half an hour, I was, however, driven to surrender these positions. Giving them up, I occupied others.

Mr. Patterson has declared war on his environment because it offers him nothing save idleness. His inherited millions have robbed him of his native right to make a living. It is strange how men will try to do with a human being what they would never try to do with a horse. Who would think of leaving a horse forever haltered in its stall—a life all hay and oats and drink, and not an ounce of work? And yet that is the existence too often programmed for the gold-burdened children of the rich.

That was the trouble in the case of Mr. Patterson. Every reason for work had been stolen from him, and he was for declaring war on the thieves. It was as though he were a locomotive engine, perfect in every powerful part. And the foolishness, or the injustice, of

Socialism Would be the Best Thing in the World Toward Saving the Capitalist Class from Slothfulness, Worthlessness, Crime and Ruin

He Told Them They Were Serfs. He Told Them They Might Free Themselves. Their Fate, He Said, was in Their Fingers, to be Worked Out by Themselves

mankind had left him no cars to haul. In his rage at this wrong, he was for backing through the wall of the roundhouse, or running into the turntable pit. He must accomplish something, or blow up. If there was nothing for him of engine-work to do, if there were no road to travel and no trains to haul, why, then, show him the shortest cut to the scrap-heap, and have done.

Instinct leads the orchestra of life; reason plays second fiddle, often with a soaped bow. Instinct is in control; reason is its handmaiden. Reason whines and begs; instinct gives commands. Reason falters and falls back; instinct stands, rock-rooted, to the last. Mr. Patterson was possessed of annoying instincts—the active instincts of the congenital liberator. They, like those interfering millions, were his by inheritance. His grandsire, Joseph Medill, seventy years ago had been a militant abolitionist. Here was a kettle of fish! Here was he, with all the old abolitionist's inborn bent for shackle-breaking, and not a black slave left to free! What was he to do? The pointer pup, with no one to take him afield, wears out its barren energies "pointing" sparrows in the park. And Mr. Patterson—no disrespect intended—under conditions not dissimilar, emulated the canine example.

Mr. Patterson has never pretended to accept his cigarette and hammock destiny. Young as he is, he has traveled the wide world round. His restlessness has taken him into every region of Europe. He was in China during the Boxer War. He has played cowboy—fed from a frying-pan and slept on the ground. Likewise he graduated from Yale with moderate honors. And he has played, and played hard, at boating, polo, automobiling, boxing, hunting, and every other empty amusement of the hollow rich.

One and all they were tasteless when they were not bitter—like dead-sea apples they turned to ashes on his lips. He plays viciously at polo now; but it isn't playing; it's despair—the mere gnawing of the bars of his cage. No matter how carefully he seized his doll, he never failed to find the sawdust. What his spirit cried for was not alone to do something, but something that would bear worth-while results, as an apple tree bears fruit. He worked as a reporter; and was a good reporter. But alas! the reason for being a reporter, namely, the call of the salary-envelope at the end of the week, was lacking. Life was vacant of that money-need, which was the only thing that could give a flavor to existence.

Mr. Patterson held office, and was in the Legislature when it mobbed the speaker. Indeed—being honest and without fear—he led in that mobbing. That was good while it lasted, but it did not last.

Having been foremost in electing Mayor Dunne, he took office under him as head of the Department of Public Works. He had seven hundred men under him, and managed them wisely and well. He studied the city in each nook and angle. He saved communal money, and he made communal money. The office was never handled better—so say they all. And never the smell of "graft!"

And yet the administration of that office irked him. Everywhere were rogues pillaging the city. While he beat off one, a dozen seized the spoils they hankered for, and ran away. When he would have pursued the

rascals, and recovered the city's stolen rights by force, the courts were there with their injunctions—that buckler of the wealthy criminal class!

A corporation preëmpted a site for a system of mills; the site was worth five millions. Public Servant Patterson was for blowing the mills up with dynamite, and retaking the city's property explosively, but his fellow-officials protested in horror against such methods as abrupt and singular to the point unlawful. Then Public Servant Patterson laid down his trust; for he said that the law, as thus construed, made only for the protection of scoundrels and the plundering of honest folk. Such being the situation, he would no longer bear a part in the farce called City Government. It was then, too, that he moved up into the forefront of Socialism.

Being eager to discover to what extent Mr. Patterson possessed reasons for the hopes within him, I asked him to define Socialism. "What is it? What is its aim?"

"Let me tell you first what it is not," said he. "Observe, then: Socialism is not charity. Though a man sold all and gave unto the poor, he would for that in nowise be a Socialist. Though a rich man lived his life in the slums, sharing the lot of the wretched, tending the sick and feeding the starved, rejoicing at their feasts and mourning at their funerals, he would not therefore be a Socialist. Socialism means to abolish the slums. Socialism, philosophically, is the doctrine of evolution, applied to economics. Politically, it is an international revolutionary movement aiming at the destruction of capitalism. Like most revolutionary movements, it takes its vitality from the struggle of class against class, from the effort of the unfortunate to remove from their necks the yokes of the fortunate. The few who own the tools of production exploit the many who do not.

"What is the Socialistic remedy? The common ownership of all the means of production and distribution. Then there would be no exploiters, and consequently no exploited. This does not mean common ownership of the things produced. A man could own his own tooth-brush—but not the apparatus for making tooth-brushes. A woman could own her own dresses, shoes, pictures, fans—but not the instruments to make them. Socialists say that there is enough for everybody. And if there is enough for everybody, then let everybody have enough, instead of letting thousands have too little in order that one may have a thousand times too much."

"You complain against the present system. Give me, if you will, a concrete example?"

"There is one at ready hand. Marshall Field died. Two grandsons, Marshall Field III., aged twelve, and Henry Field, aged ten, survive him. Marshall Field the elder directed that out of his estate $72,000,000 should be set aside in trust until 1954, when it, with its accumulation, should be turned over to Marshall Field, the grandchild. This $72,000,000 brings in an income of about $3,000,000 yearly. But young Marshall shall not be allowed to dissipate that income. He will receive outright $450,000 when he is twenty-five, again when he is thirty, thirty-five, and forty. Aside from these quinquennial gifts, the trustee is directed to invest and reinvest one-half of the aforesaid net income for accumulation until the said grandchild shall attain the age of forty-five years, if he shall live so long. Then the grandson is to obtain the compound interest only, the principal not for five years longer. If he dies meanwhile, the money is to be rolled up until he would have been forty-five, and then divided among his heirs-at-law.

"So much for one-half of this income from the $72,000,000. How about the other half? 'The trustee is directed to retain and hold and invest and reinvest for accumulation, adding the accumulation of income to the capital, of his said above share,

No Matter How Carefully He Seized His Doll, He Never Failed to Find the Sawdust

until my said grandson shall attain the age of thirty years.' After thirty, Marshall III. is to get one-third of this one-half of his net income; after he is thirty-five he is to get two-thirds of this one-half; after forty he is to get all of this one-half. When fifty he is to have all the accumulation upon the $72,000,000 together with the original $72,000,000. If the trustees are half-way intelligent the resultant sum should be over $300,000,000.

"The younger grandson is left, under a similar trust-deed, $48,000,000, of which the trustee is to 'invest and reinvest for accumulation' the income in precisely the same way outlined for his brother. Henry's name is Henry instead of Marshall, so he now has twenty thousand people working for him instead of thirty thousand.

"Marshall Field III.'s $72,000,000 is not in the sterile form of gold eagles stored in a vault. His money breeds and multiplies, for it is in the form of real estate, bonds and stocks, which are like interest-bearing mortgages against the labor of thousands of men. They are perpetual mortgages, too; for, let the thousands of men work their hardest until they close their eyes in final sleep, still the children of these thousands must go on working in the endless and hopeless task of paying off the mortgages.

Hog-Finance that, Fattening the Few, Does Not Leave the Lean, Starved Many a Destiny Worth Working Out

"Marshall Field III. was born into possession of his mortgages on the labor of thousands of men, because his sagacious grandfather had managed, fairly and in accordance with the rules of the game, to get possession of certain of the tools of modern production, such as rolling-mills, railroad shops, locomotives, cars, land both in the suburban and downtown districts of Chicago, New York and London, miles and miles of railroad rights-of-way, iron-ore mines, steamships, coal mines and forests. When he died, Marshall Field, Sr., in accordance with the present laws, transmitted to his grandsons these tools of production.

"So from now on men must pay the two little boys something for the right to pull a switch on certain of the great American trunk-lines. Engineers must pay for the right to open a throttle; hundreds of business men, and indirectly thousands of their employees, must pay for the right to do business.

"How much do the people, who now produce $3,000,000 a year for Marshall Field III., get for themselves by the work which nets him so much? The boy is a heavy stockholder in the Pullman Company, where labor is paid as follows: Blacksmiths, $16.43 per week; boiler-makers, $17; carpenters, $12.38; laborers, $9.90; machinists, $16.65; painters, $13.60. There are in the great wholesale and retail stores now belonging to the Field children over ten thousand employees, ninety-five per cent. of whom get twelve dollars per week or less. These working-people are paid by the hour instead of the week; so, if a lay-off for sickness or slackness of work occurs, the weekly wage is proportionately reduced.

"Marshall Field III. receives $60,000 per week, the sum gradually increasing as the interest compounds. His brother, Henry Field, receives $40,000 per week, the sum gradually increasing as the interest compounds. In neither case is there a reduction for sickness or slackness of work. Neither of the boys works any hours per week. In view of this situation, America is not 'a land of

equal opportunity.' Marshall Field III. and Henry Field have more than an equal opportunity; and, by consequence, thousands have less than an equal opportunity. Socialism says that this is industrial despotism. Also it maintains that industrial democracy must succeed industrial despotism, just as political democracy succeeded political despotism."

"And yourself?" I questioned. "You, you say, are of the capitalistic class. To what extent, in your own personal case, do your strictures apply?"

"Ah, myself! Yes, let me talk of myself! Not myself the individual, but myself the type of the idle-rich young man. In the last five months I have not done a particle of productive work. I have not added one jot to the wealth of the community. Yet in my pleasures and necessities I have consumed a deal of the wealth of the community. I have traveled in the fastest and most luxurious trains; have lodged in the costliest hotels; have had the best things to eat; have gone to the highest-priced doctors and dentists; have been willing to pay theatre-speculators extra to get the best seats; have kept saddle-horses to ride and harness-horses to drive; have employed servants to minister to my wants. And, as I tell you, I haven't done a lick of work!

"There is the point. Some people have been producing the wealth which I have consumed. I was not one of those producers. Therefore, I must have been depriving some people of the wealth they have produced, in order that I might live in idleness and luxury.

"Or I can put that better. Some people—working-people—have been depriving themselves of the wealth which they have produced that I might live in idleness and luxury. I say 'depriving themselves' of the wealth they produce, because they can stop doing so whenever they will. This is a country of universal ballot.

"No, the capitalistic class will never say 'Stop!' I am a member of the capitalistic class—the slave-holding class of the twentieth century. The working-class—the proletarians, the dispossessed—are the slaves of the twentieth century. They do the work of the world. They ran the train which brought me here. They raised the steer, and killed it, and dressed it, and cooked it, and served me with steak for breakfast. They will take its hide and make that into shoes for me. They build me a far better house than their own, and equip it with every modern improvement. It requires a lot of money to run such a house; so they supply me with the money. This is only part of what they do for me.

"But keeping me down will do them no good. For, when I die, my children will at once come to the front, and command them to begin a like service for them. And they will have to obey. All these things they have done and are now doing for me. And what have I ever done for them? Nothing, absolutely nothing!—save a bit of lip service."

"How do your fellows of the capitalistic class receive these views?"

"You would as well be an Abolitionist in the South before the Civil War as a Socialist in a capitalist community. The influence of his environment will compel any man in such a position either to recant his Socialism or withdraw.

"I realize that if I recant I shall lose my soul—for in my soul I know Socialism to be but plainest justice. What then is left? To withdraw. And yet to withdraw is difficult. I was brought up a parasite, and have lived as one. I was educated in Latin, Greek, French and literature. But I couldn't lay a brick, shoe a horse, drive a straight furrow to save my life. I know nothing about electricity or machinery. The idea of my running a locomotive, for instance, is screamingly absurd. My whole education has been not to work, but at the same time to get the money of those who did work. However, since I must recant or go to work, I shall go to work, and try to produce hereafter at least a portion of the wealth which I consume. To be frank, I dread work—real work. Real work—the producing of something useful—I have until lately thought rather vulgar. Besides, I am too uneducated to be of much use as a worker for some time to come. Now, if we had been living in a socialistic state, I should have been educated as a child to do some kind of work. That would have been a mighty good thing for me. It would be a fine thing for your young capitalists if they had to do some useful thing in the world. It would keep them out of mischief."

Going about that question of work, I asked Mr. Patterson to what he would turn his productive head or hand. I called his attention to a story that he meditated studying farming, at the actual, rib-thumping stilts of the plow, with a last purpose of adding ink to agriculture, and bursting forth as an American Tolstoy. He shook his head, and would say nothing on that point.

As to how Socialism was to be brought about, and the detail of it, his present brightest hope was Russia.

"The French Revolution," said he, "was a political revolution, and gave tone and color to the struggles of the nineteenth century. The Russian Revolution is a social revolution. Russia will be the first country to adopt Socialism. From there it will spread to its immediate neighbor, Germany, and then to the rest of Europe. The German is already alarmed, and does all in his power to hinder the struggle for freedom in Russia. With one-third of the German population Socialists, stirred up by the inauguration of Socialism in Russia, Kaiser William and Herr Bebel will soon be the most interesting figures in Europe."

THE FATAL GUM

"With this Picture in My Mind I Broke for Town"

A Serio-Comedy of Light Fingers and Heavy Boots

By Henry Wallace Phillips

ZEKE SCRAGGS had been working out on the dry patch, where it was a long ways between drinks, and lukewarm water from a canteen no particular comfort. He complained, and I produced a discovery in the shape of a tinfoil-wrapped package of chewing-gum marked "Lily Sweet."

"If you chew a piece of that when you're dry, Scraggsy," I said, "it will stave off thirst for some time."

Mr. Scraggs received the offering in his large palm, and poked it with the forefinger of his other hand.

"Yaas," he said; "Y-a-a-s. But it's dangerous."

"Dangerous?"

"Horrible. You don't ketch me minglin' myself with no 'Lily Sweets.' *I* consider the lily of the field how she grows. You wouldn't believe that anything that sounds so innercent could be the tee-total ruin of a large, dark-complected tin-horn, with a pair of muss-taches like Injun-polished buffler horns, would you?"

Like anybody else, I said I wouldn't.

"Well, it was," said Zeke. "If you could see that gam, and compare him to this here package of choon'-gum, you wouldn't ever guess that either one could do much of anything to t'other; yet I can a tale relate of that combination that would make each particler hair stand up-ended like the squills of the frightful porkypine."

"Rats!" said I, being but a youth.

"You got any hairs that's particler by nature? No? Well, then, I'll spread this terrific osculation of the connimgulated forces of Nature befo' you, as Charley says. My kind of narrative is the plain, unvarnished tale. Folks that tell a varnished tale is apt to sit on the varnish before it's dry, and they'll stick to it, come cold fact or red-hot argyment; whilest I'm always willin' to prune, cross-harrer, revise or alter accordin' to my victim's feelin's. That is, of course, if they go to corner me, which, between gentlemen, is a low-cut outrage. But this business about the gam is dead straight. I had relinquished all amusements and was livin' quiet in order to save money, before I got acquainted with the facts.

"First place, comes a female missionary out to the ranch, and she was a corkin' fine-lookin' nice young woman, too, who tackled me on the subject of chewin' terbackker. She had me all tangled up in my own rope and double left-sided front and back before the clock struck one.

"I tried to arger that nobody wouldn't care whether I chewed terbackker or grass, so long's I was happy and doin' no harm. But that turned out not to be true. She said so.

"Then I tried to reach her womanly compassion by tearfully expoundin' how I'd miss my cut of plug a day; I never touched her. Hers was a new religion. It had a different figger on the back from any I'd had dealt to me before. Seems it weren't a sin to chew, but it was the control I'd lost over myself that put me in the hole. I had just to git command of my mind and everything would come at me, like a North Ca'lina town's nigger's dogs chasin' a three-legged cat up an alley.

"'But, ma'am,' says I, 'I've knocked off before; an', as for control over my mind, durin' the hull spell me an' Star Plug was separated, friends had to hold me to prevent me goin' in an' robbin' my own grip. Control of my mind,' says I, fightin' noble, 'why, you could 'a' sicked a burglar on me, an' he couldn't have found no such thing on my person. I didn't have no mind. I walked up an' down, day and night, in that man's town, like a ravin' maniac stupefied by his halloocinashuns. All that passed beneath my shinin' dome was: "Oh for a chew! Oh for a chew! Oh for a choo-choo-choo-choo! Whoeep! Brakes!" And when the cars went over the switch or a cayuse cantered up, they said: "Terbackker, terbackker, terbackker," to my famished ears. All I wished was that the houses was built of plug, and all I thought of was that I could get earnest with an axe. That's *all* I *could* think—all!'

"'But you must use the control!' says she, eager.

"'You mean, ma'am,' I says, 'that I must seek out a quiet place, clinch my fists, grind my teeth to a feather-edge and strain my suspenders to the bustin' point in one calamitous effort to think I'm not thinking?'

"'Precisely!' says she, victorious. 'You Western men have such a ready grip on essentials that it is a delight to be your guide.'

"'Well, Uncle Tom and the dogs a-bitin' him!' says I to myself. 'Lead on!' I took off my hat aloud and bowed to within two of my noses to the ground. 'To be able to foller so gentle and able a guide straight to perdition is a joy,' says I. 'I quit the class of roominants for two weeks. I will not use terbackker. No!' says little Zekey Scraggs. 'There's my hand on it, ma'am.'

"And she just turned pink with joy. She was an awful nice little gal. Only she was so jam-full of knowledge that it was hard for her to understand things.

"'What You Got for a Man that's Quit Chewin'?' I Gasps to the Boss"

"Having put up this job on myself, I went to our storekeep' and called for my time. I knew I'd need bright lights and excitement for a while. I begun to feel already that a chew wouldn't go bad.

"There was the storekeep' gazin' fixedly at a book; his lips was movin', but he seemed in a kind of rapture. When I hollered to him, he jumped all over and barked at me like a dog. At the same time he grabbed up a cigareet, stuck it in his mouth, took it out, looked at it and fired it down again.

"A light broke on me. 'So she got you, too?' says I.

"'Hooppitty Hoppitty Hippitty Yer-hoop!' says he. 'That's just what she's done! I'm three days out. Not a smell of smoke in three days! My soul has gone away and won't have any more truck with me. I don't know who I am, nor why. I've been trying for an hour to find out how much three and two make. Take your money and leave me to my fate.'

"With this picture in my mind I broke for town. Halfway there I was chawin' a latigo-strap like a wolf. When I hit the street, I jumped through the drug-store door.

"'What you got for a man that's quit chewin'?' I gasps to the boss.

"'Franky Frenchman's Fool-Killer,' says he—and with that he turns his head and expectoriates satisfactorily into the spittoon.

"Seeing him, I near died of a broken heart.

"'The next crack will be at your expense,' I told him. 'You hike out somethin' for my case,' I says. He shoved me out a package, just like that."

Mr. Scraggs poked my gift.

"Just like that. I put the whole bizzee in my trap and chomped on it like a lion. I walked around the town, chompin' on it. I waved my jaws till my face ached. Seemed to me like I'd never done anythin' in all my life but bite Injy-rubber. And then I pushed madly for the first stud-poker game.

"When I got there, nothin' was movin'. This here tinhorn I mention was polishing his muss-tache with both hands, whilest he talked to a few hangers-on.

"I became ashamed of that choon'-gum and I stuck it under the table, very sly and surreptishus. I felt like a man again.

"'Fire the engine up!' says I. 'Gimme five stacks to practice on.'

"The gam hopped gleeful toward the table and give the drawer a yank. She stuck. He cussed and pulled harder. She came open with a jerk and a kind of long, sticky s-m-aaa-ack, followed by strings of gray.

"The gam arose from where he'd sot on his backbone and looked at the drawer.

"'We're not doin' any business to-day,' says he, showing me my little eagle-bird.

"'What's happened to the trade?' says I.

"He simply p'inted to the hunk of gum (which I had most unforchinit jammed ag'in' the drawer).

"'My wildest fancies have got exceeded,' says he. 'Do you want to hear a weird and willful tale of woe?'

"'Of course not,' I says.

"'All right,' says he. 'I'll tell you.'

"'Well,' says he, 'here's the way she come up. I'm a lost one in the wilderness out at a telegraph station. I see where I get my talents buried in a napkin made of sole-leather, hence I get handy with a deck of cards in front of the lookin'-glass. My work is so good after a while that I lose my whole salary to myself, and yet watchin' careful all the time in the lookin'-glass. I'm fit to handle the steamboat trade, but I aims higher: I buy me a ticket to Noo York and hunt up a place where they hew to the line, let the chips fall where they will.

"'"What's your noo box o' tricks?" says the Murphy that run the joint.

"'"Well," says I, "nothin' new, but the good old reliable line. The world is my oyster, as Hamlet says, and I've got openers."

"'"H'm," says he, makin' a fat man's shift in his chair and pushin' his seegar into the other corner of his face. "I want you to understand this is a dead-straight game run here, my bucko—yet you look good—s'pose I've come in an' laid thirty cents or so on the king, coppered. Lift the joker out of that deck an' le's see what happens."

"'He threw me a pack and I riffled and boxed 'em.

"'"Why, you lose," says I, much surprised as the king come out open on the turn.

"'"And not so worse," says he. "Play on!"

"'I slid 'em out of the box to the last card. "You only lost your footin' once," says he. "The way you beat my corner play was a little obvious. Exercise your little finger till it's soopler. You can handle a roll to-night. But mind this," says he as he grunted himself on his feet, "this is a dead-straight house. If anybuddy *ketches* you bein' technical, we jump you, from me to the cop on watch. You get five per cent."

"'Well, sir, that was the loveliest little bower of rosebuds you ever smelt! Checks was joolry. We didn't have change for nothin' below a fifty-dollar bill. Our line of customers was these tur'ble knowin' young men of the world, who'd stood the terrific experience of a college careerin'. They was a darin' outfit. They was so fast they couldn't help talk about the pace they was hittin', and what they didn't know about the game of faro was my business. It was like bein' knocked down in the street by a strong man and have money pushed into your clothes. I did things at that table that never happened before in a civilized community. I was so youthful, you know, and it was a constant problem to me whether they'd stand for biting off the corner of a card to make things come my way.

"'I run in rhinecaboos that 'ud make a heathen Scandahonian farmer fall off his hay-wagon, but them men of the world simply contributed yallerbacks—oh, good old yallerbacks!—beautiful to the eye; soft to the touch; *so* encouragin' to the feelin's! I reckoned I'd buy the durned old Western Union an' get even with the cuss who used to pound it to me from up the line—Ouch! vanished dream! Sweet vision stuck to earth by that con-cussed, snappy, stringy, bouncy, mud-colored foolish food fer flighty females you see before you!'

"At this p'int," said Mr. Scraggs, "he shot his finger at my gum, breathin' hard an' glitterin' his eyes.

"'Yes, sir!' says he. 'There lies the cause of my roon! And such a fiddlin', triflin' stuff to wreck a man!' He got some of his breath back. 'You orter ask "How?"' says he, 'and I reply, "By contractin' the habit"—not of gnawin' it'—he adds hasty,' but steppin' on it. Here was I sittin' on sunset clouds and floatin' over beautiful scenery, till there comes a cold blast of the winds of chance, and from that moment my path in life was strewed with the discard from rosy lips. For two solid weeks I did nothin' but scuff my feet or flag a shine-stand to git rid of the day's gatherin' of gum. Them Eye-talians used to grin in a way that made me want an open season on furriners, as I cantered up to 'em, smicky-smacky, smicky-smacky, trailin' soft gray hairs behind me like a retired minister's whiskers.

"'They'd look up at the sky and make dago remarks, whilest they curried my feet with a brick, till the cold sweat of mortification melted my b'iled collar. And once a flapdoodle actor goat, with a red, white and blue hatband, got gay and told me not to use such naughty words about these tributes from the mouth of beauty. I swatted the air where he'd been when I started to hit him an' he took me by most of my trousers and turned me ten somersaults. How was I to know he was Honest Mike, the Deck Hand, who chucked the villain over Brooklyn Bridge every night and Saturday matinee?

"'Well, I'll cut it short. No matter where I fleed, the fiend pursued me. I went to the opery one night, to get my frazzled nerves soothed by the champion yelpers of the pack. For two solid hours I lived untroubled, not even worried by the show, as I couldn't understand a word of it and nobuddy on the stage had complaints too deep to sing about; but comin' out, me enemy waited on the edge of a step for me and I landed astride of a stout lady's neck, beggin' her pardon and fightin' a half-dozen men for five minutes. When I explained, even the stout lady laughed.

"'The boss at my joint cussed himself into asthma, wondering what the sticky stuff, tracked all over his new seven-dollar-a-yard carpet, was.

"'But I ain't agoin' to weary you with trifles. One day the boss tipped me off that there was a bunch of alum-eyes due that evenin'; he said they was fellers that had took the college course, but recovered, and that the bowlegged elephant song and dance that extracted money from our regulars would be looked upon with reproach by the newcomers. I got nervous. Playin' ag'in' them little first-crow roosters had been bad practice. I soaked my hands in warm water and prepared as best I could, but when I saw that gang before me I knew why they was called alum-eyes. They puckered my soul up, my hands got too wet with sweat for business—you know your fingers has got to be not too dry, to slip, and not too wet, to stick, if you're turnin' out high-grade work.

"'Well, I was excited, yet it was a reel pleasure to be up against reel men.

"'I had a habit of running my fingers over the rung of my chair, to keep 'em in right shape. 'Twas a thing nobuddy could complain of, and the game just held on to its hat and flew. How much money you had was the limit, and to put my little bank on the other side of the river, quick, was the idea of the alum-eyes.

"'I forgot everythin'. I was fair hollerin' inside for joy. My buckers had a good square chance to catch me at it, if they could, and I was haulin' money when—well, Fortune had patted me on the back with one hand, while she got ready with a black-jack in the other. In my state of feelin' I put a heel, a chewin'-gum-covered-heel, on the rung of that chair and took it off again, without noticin'. As the play stood, the outfit had me whipsawed. I drug my fingers over the rung of that chair, that chewin'-gum-covered-rung, without noticing; then I wiggled my fingers in a Chinee ketch-as-ketch-can over the box and raised 'em with a playin'-card firmly stuck to each finger. *Then* I noticed, yes; and everybody noticed. Silence fell six foot deep. One of them alum-eyes says:

"'"That may be magnifercent, but it ain't Hoyle."

"'And I excused myself by ducking under the table and jumpin' over the banisters.

"'Once on the street, I hoopled her for the corner. My play was to wait till the crowd went out, and then see the old man, who had a rubber-band on my roll.

"'I thought I'd peek around the corner until all was clear, then rush the boss with my hard-luck game of talk, extract a little of the juice of the root of evil from him, then fold up my legs like a jack-rabbit and silently lift myself through the breeze, back to the sage-brush—back to where the prairie-dog and the owl and the rattlesnake live in harmony together—never excepting the rattlesnake, so long's there's plenty of young dogs and owls.

"'The game must have busted when I took the fence, for here come the bunch of alum-eyes right up the street. I had the curiosity to wait and hear what they was talkin' about, as I had a corner to duck behind when they come close. Well, I waited, and I didn't hear nothin' I'd care to write home to mother. They made me so cussed mad, I overstayed my time. Just when they got within range, I started to hop swiftly backwards. But I didn't. No. My feet had grew fast to that sidewalk. Seems the city had been mending the block pavement, as usual, and some horney-souled son of toil had spilt a square yard of coal-tar on the sidewalk. Me to the middle of the coal-tar district, of course—you can chew coal-tar, you know; I've done it.

"'So, as I remarked, I didn't gracefully side-step. Exactly not. I gave one yank and landed with my knees up

(Continued on Page 22)

"'I Will Not Use Terbackker. No!' Says Little Zekey Scraggs"

The Chase of the Golden Plate

The Burglar and the Girl

By Jacques Futrelle

VI

DICK arose and offered his left hand to Mr. Randolph, who calmly ignored it, turning his gaze instead upon the reporter.

"I had hoped to find you alone," he said frostily. Hatch made as if to rise.

"Sit still, Hatch," Dick commanded. "Mr. Hatch is a friend of mine, Mr. Randolph. I don't know what you want to say, but, whatever it is, you may say it freely before him."

Hatch knew that humor in Dick. It always preceded the psychological moment when he wanted to climb down some one's throat and open an umbrella. The tone was calm, the words clearly enunciated, and the face was white—whiter than it had been before.

"I shouldn't like to——" Mr. Randolph began.

"You may say what you want to before Mr. Hatch, or not at all, as you please," Dick went on evenly.

Mr. Randolph cleared his throat twice and waved his hands with an expression of resignation.

"Very well," he replied. "I have come to request the return of my gold plate."

Hatch leaned forward in his chair, gripping its arms fiercely. This was a question bearing broadly on a subject that he wanted to mention, but he didn't know how. Mr. Randolph apparently found it easy enough.

"What gold plate?" asked Dick steadily.

"The eleven pieces that you, in the garb of a Burglar, took from my house last Thursday evening," said Mr. Randolph. He was quite calm.

Dick took a sudden step forward, then straightened up with flushed face. His left hand closed with a snap and the nails bit into the flesh; the fingers of the helpless right worked nervously. In a minute now Hatch could see him climbing all over Mr. Randolph.

But again Dick gained control of himself. It was a sort of recognition of the fact that Mr. Randolph was fifty years old; Hatch knew it, Mr. Randolph's knowledge on the subject didn't appear. Dick laughed.

"Sit down, Mr. Randolph, and tell me about it," he suggested.

"It isn't necessary to go into details," continued Mr. Randolph, still standing. "I had not wanted to go this far in the presence of a third person, but you forced me to do it. Now, will you or will you not return the plate?"

"Would you mind telling me just what makes you think I got it?" Dick insisted.

"It is as simple as it is conclusive," said Mr. Randolph. "You received an invitation to the masked ball. You went there in your Burglar garb and handed your invitation-card to my servant. He noticed you particularly and read your name on the card. He remembered that name perfectly. I was compelled to tell the story as I knew it to Detective Mallory. I did not mention your name; my servant remembered it—had given it to me, in fact; but I forbade him to repeat it to the police. He told them something about having burned the invitation-cards."

"Oh, wouldn't that please Mallory?" Hatch thought.

"I have not even intimated to the police that I have the least idea of your identity," Mr. Randolph went on, still standing. "I had believed that it was some prank of yours and that the plate would be returned in due time. Certainly I could not account for your taking it in any other circumstances. My reticence, it is needless to say, was in consideration of your name and family. But now I want the plate. If it was a prank to carry out the rôle of the Burglar it is time for it to end. If the fact that the matter is now in the hands of the police has frightened you into the seeming necessity of keeping the plate for the present to protect yourself, you may dismiss that. When the plate is returned to me I shall see that the police drop the matter."

Dick had listened with interest. Hatch looked at him from time to time and saw only attention—not anger.

"And the Girl?" asked Dick at last. "Does it happen that you have as cleverly traced her?"

"No," Mr. Randolph replied frankly. "I haven't the faintest idea who she is. I suppose no one knows that but you. I have no interest further than to recover the plate. I may say that I called here yesterday, Friday, and asked to see you, but was informed that you had been hurt; so I went away to give you opportunity to recover somewhat."

"Thanks," said Dick dryly. "Awfully considerate."

There was a long silence. Hatch was listening with all the multitudinous ears of a good reporter.

"Now, the plate," Mr. Randolph suggested again impatiently. "Do you deny that you got it?"

"I do," replied Dick firmly.

"I was afraid you would, and believe me, Mr. Herbert, such a course is a mistaken one," said Mr. Randolph. "I will give you twenty-four hours to change your mind. If, at the end of that time, you see fit to return the plate, I will drop the matter and use my influence to have the police do so. If the plate is not returned I shall be compelled to turn over all the facts to the police with your name."

"With a Dollar Bill on It"

"Is that all?" Dick demanded suddenly.

"Yes, I believe so."

"Then get out of here before I——" Dick started forward, then dropped back into a chair.

Mr. Randolph drew on his gloves and went out, closing the door behind him.

For a long time Dick sat there, seemingly oblivious of Hatch's presence, supporting his head with his left hand, while the right hung down loosely beside him. Hatch was inclined to be sympathetic, for, strange as it may seem, some reporters have even the human quality of sympathy—although there are persons who will not believe it.

"Is there anything I can do?" Hatch asked at last. "Anything you want to say?"

"Nothing," Dick responded wearily. "Nothing. You may think what you like. There are, as I said, several things of which I cannot speak, even if it comes to a question—a question of having to face the charge of theft in open court. I simply *can't* say anything."

"But—but——" stammered the reporter.

"Absolutely not another word," said Dick firmly.

VII

THOSE satellites of the Supreme Police Intelligence of the Metropolitan District who had been taking the Randolph mystery to pieces to see what made it tick lined up in front of Detective Mallory in his private office at police headquarters early Saturday evening. They did not seem happy. The Supreme Intelligence placed his feet on the desk and glowered; that was a part of the job.

"Well, Downey?" he asked.

"I went out to Seven Oaks and got the automobile the Burglar left, as you instructed," reported Downey. "Then I started out to find its owner, or some one who knew it. It didn't have a number on it, so the job wasn't easy, but I found the owner all right, all right."

Detective Mallory permitted himself to look interested.

"He lives at Merton, four miles from Seven Oaks," Downey resumed. "His name is Blake—William Blake. His auto was in the shed on Thursday evening at nine o'clock. It wasn't there Friday morning."

"Umph!" remarked Detective Mallory.

"There is no question but what Blake told me the truth," Downey went on. "To me it seems probable that the Burglar went out from the city to Merton by train, stole the auto and ran it on to Seven Oaks. That's all there seems to be to it. Blake proved ownership of the machine and I left it with him."

The Supreme Intelligence chewed his cigar frantically.

"And the other machine?" he asked.

"I have here a blood-stained cushion, the back of a seat from the car in which the Burglar and the Girl escaped," continued Downey in a walk-right-up-ladies-and-gentlemen sort of voice. "I found the car late this afternoon at a garage in Pleasantville. We knew, of course, that it belonged to Nelson Sharp, a guest at the masked ball. According to the manager of the garage the car was standing in front of his place this morning when he arrived to open up. The number had been removed."

Detective Mallory examined the cushion which Downey handed to him. Several dark brown stains told the story—one of the occupants of the car had been wounded.

"Well, that's something," commented the Supreme Intelligence. "We know now that when Cunningham fired at least one of the persons in the car was hit, and we may make our search accordingly. The Burglar and the Girl probably left the car where it was found during the preceding night."

"It seems so," said Downey. "I shouldn't think they would have dared to keep it long. Autos of that size and power are too easily traced. I asked Mr. Sharp to run down and identify the car and he did so. The stains were new."

The Supreme Intelligence digested that in silence while his satellites studied his face, seeking some inkling of the convolutions of that marvelous mind.

"Very good, Downey," said Detective Mallory at last. "Now Cunningham?"

"Nothing," said Cunningham in shame and sorrow. "Nothing."

"Didn't you find anything at all about the premises?"

"Nothing," repeated Cunningham. "The Girl left no wrap at Seven Oaks. None of the servants remembers having seen her in the room where the wraps were checked. I searched all around the place and found a dent in the ground under the smoking-room window, where the gold plate had been thrown, and there were what seemed to be footprints in the grass, but it was all nothing."

"We can't arrest a dent and footprints," said the Supreme Intelligence cuttingly.

The satellites laughed sadly. It was part of the deference they owed to the Supreme Intelligence.

"And you, Blanton?" asked Mr. Mallory. "What did you do with the list of invited guests?"

"I haven't got a good start yet," responded Blanton hopelessly. "There are three hundred and sixty names on the list. I have been able to see possibly thirty. It's worse than making a city directory. I won't be through for a month. Randolph and his wife checked off a large number of those whom they knew were there. The others I am looking up as rapidly as I can."

The detectives sat moodily thoughtful for uncounted minutes. Finally Detective Mallory broke the silence:

"There seems to be no question but that any clew that might have come from either of the automobiles is disposed of unless it is the fact that we now know one of the thieves was wounded. I readily see how the theft could have been committed by a man as bold as this fellow. Now we must concentrate all our efforts to running down the invited guests and learning just where they were that evening. All of you will have to hustle. We know that the Burglar *did* present an invitation-card with a name on it."

The detectives went their respective ways and then Detective Mallory deigned to receive representatives of the press, among them Hutchinson Hatch. Hatch was worried. He knew a whole lot of things, but they didn't do him any good. He felt that he could print nothing as it stood, yet he would not tell the police, because that would give it to every one else, and he had a picture of how the Supreme Intelligence would tangle it if he got hold of it.

"Well, boys," said Detective Mallory smilingly, when the press filed in, "there's nothing to say. Frankly, I will tell you that we have not been able to learn anything—at least anything that can be given out. You know, of course, about the finding of the two automobiles that figured in the case, and the blood-stained cushion?"

The press nodded collectively.

"Well, that's all there is yet. My men are still at work, but I'm a little afraid the gold plate will never be found. It has probably been melted up. The cleverness of the thieves you can judge for yourself by the manner in which they handled the automobiles."

And yet Hatch was not surprised when, late that night, Police headquarters made known the latest sensation. This was a bulletin, based on a telephone message from Stuyvesant Randolph to the effect that the gold plate had been returned by express to Seven Oaks. This mystified the police beyond description; but official mystification was as nothing to Hatch's state of mind. He knew of the scene in Dick Herbert's room and remembered Mr. Randolph's threat.

"Then Dick did have the plate," he told himself.

VIII

WHOLE flocks of detectives, reporters and newspaper-artists appeared at Seven Oaks early next morning. It had been too late to press an investigation the night before. The newspapers had time only telephonically to confirm the return of the plate. Now the investigators unanimously voiced one sentiment: "Show us!"

Hatch arrived in the party headed by Detective Mallory, with Downey and Cunningham trailing. Blanton was off somewhere with his little list, presumably still at it. Mr. Randolph had not come down to breakfast when the investigators arrived, but had given his servant permission to exhibit the plate, the wrappings in which it had come and the string wherewith it had been tied.

The plate arrived in a heavy paper-board box, covered twice over with a plain piece of stiff, brown paper which had no markings save the address and the "paid" stamp of the express company. Detective Mallory devoted himself first to the address. It was:

MR. STUYVESANT RANDOLPH,
"Seven Oaks,"
via Merton.

In the upper left-hand corner were scribbled the words:

From John Smith,
State Street,
Watertown.

Detectives Mallory, Downey and Cunningham studied the handwriting on the paper minutely.

"It's a man's," said Detective Downey.

"It's a woman's," said Detective Cunningham.

"It's a child's," said Detective Mallory.

"Whatever it is, it is disguised," said Hatch.

He was inclined to agree with Detective Cunningham that it was a woman's purposely altered, and in that event —Great Cæsar! There came that flock of seven-column heads again! And he couldn't open the bottle!

The simple story of the arrival of the gold plate at Seven Oaks was told thrillingly by the servant.

"It was eight o'clock last night," he said. "I was standing in the hall here. Mr. and Mrs. Randolph were still at the dinner-table. They dined alone. Suddenly I heard the sound of wagon-wheels on the granolithic road in front of the house. I listened intently. Yes, it was wagon-wheels."

The detectives exchanged significant glances.

"I heard the wagon stop," the servant went on in an awed tone. "Still I listened. Then came the sound of footsteps on the walk and then on the steps. I walked slowly along the hall toward the front door. As I did so the bell rang."

"Yes, ting-a-ling-a-ling—we know. Go on," Hatch interrupted impatiently.

"I opened the door," the servant continued. "A man stood there with a package. He was a burly fellow. 'Mr. Randolph live here?' he asked gruffly. 'Yes,' I said. 'Here's a package for him,' said the man. 'Sign here.' I took the package and signed a book he gave me, and—and ——"

"In other words," Hatch interrupted again, "an expressman brought the package here, you signed for it and he went away?"

The servant stared at him haughtily.

"Yes, that's it," he said coldly.

A few minutes later Mr. Randolph in person appeared. He glanced at Hatch with a little surprise in his manner, nodded curtly, then turned to the detectives.

He could not add to the information the servant had given. His plate had been returned, prepaid. The matter was at an end so far as he was concerned. There seemed to be no need of further investigation.

"How about the jewelry that was stolen from your other guests?" demanded Detective Mallory.

"Of course there's that," said Mr. Randolph. "It had passed out of my mind."

"Instead of being at an end, this case has just begun," the detective declared emphatically.

Mr. Randolph seemed to have no further interest in the matter. He started out, then turned back at the door and made a slight motion to Hatch which the reporter readily understood. As a result Hatch and Mr. Randolph were

One of the Occupants of the Car Had Been Wounded

closeted together in a small room across the hall a few minutes later.

"May I ask your occupation, Mr. Hatch?" inquired Mr. Randolph.

"I'm a reporter," was the reply.

"A reporter?" Mr. Randolph seemed surprised. "Of course, when I saw you in Mr. Herbert's rooms," he went on after a little pause, "I met you only as his friend. You saw what happened there. Now, may I ask you what you intend to publish about this affair?"

Hatch considered the question a moment. There seemed to be no objection to telling.

"I can't publish anything until I know everything, or until the police act," he confessed frankly. "I had been talking to Dick Herbert in a general way about this case when you arrived yesterday. I knew several things, or thought I did, that the police do not even suspect. But, of course, I can print only just what the police know and say."

"I'm glad of that—very glad of it," said Mr. Randolph. "It seems to have been a freak of some sort on Mr. Herbert's part, and, candidly, I can't understand it. Of course, he returned the plate, as I knew he would."

"Do you really believe he is the man who came here as the Burglar?" asked Hatch curiously.

"I should not have done what you saw me do if I had not been absolutely certain," Mr. Randolph explained. "One of the things, particularly, that was called to my attention—I don't know that you know of it—is the fact that the Burglar had a cleft in his chin. You know, of course, that Mr. Herbert has such a cleft. Then there is the invitation-card with his name. Everything together makes it conclusive."

Mr. Randolph and the reporter shook hands. Three hours later the press and police had uncovered the Watertown end of the mystery as to how the express package had been sent. It was explained by the driver of an express wagon there and absorbed by greedily listening ears.

"The boss told me to call at No. 410 State Street and get a bundle," the driver explained. "I think somebody telephoned to him to send the wagon. I went up there yesterday morning. It's a small house, back a couple of hundred feet from the street, and has a stone fence around it. I opened the gate, went in and rang the bell.

"No one answered the first ring, and I rang again. Still nobody answered, and I tried the door. It was locked. I walked around the house, thinking there might be somebody in the back, but it was all locked up. I figured as how the folks that had telephoned for me wasn't in and started out to my wagon, intending to stop by later.

"Just as I got to the gate, going out, I saw a package set down inside, hidden from the street behind the stone fence, with a dollar bill on it. I just naturally looked at it. It was the package directed to Mr. Randolph. I reasoned as how the folks who 'phoned had to go out and left the package, so I took it along. I made out a receipt to John Smith, the name that was in the corner, and pinned it to a post, took the package and the money and went along. That's all."

"You don't know if the package was there when you went in?" he was asked.

"I dunno. I didn't look. I couldn't help but see it when I came out; so I took it."

Then the investigators sought out "the boss."

"Did the person who 'phoned give you a name?" inquired Detective Mallory.

"No, I didn't ask for one."

"Was it a man or a woman talking?"

"A man," was the unhesitating reply. "He had a deep, heavy voice."

The investigators trailed away, dismally despondent, toward No. 410 State Street. It was unoccupied; inquiry showed that it had been unoccupied for months. The Supreme Intelligence picked the lock and the investigators walked in, craning their necks. They expected, at the least, to find a thieves' rendezvous. There was nothing but dirt and dust and grime. Then the investigators returned to the city. They had found only that the gold plate had been returned, and they knew that when they started.

Hatch went home and sat down with his head in his hands to add up all he didn't know about the affair. It was surprising how much there was of it.

"Dick Herbert either did or didn't go to the ball," he soliloquized. "*Something* happened to him that evening. He either did or didn't steal the gold plate, and every circumstance indicates that he did—which, of course, he didn't. Dorothy Meredith either was or was not at the ball. The maid's statement shows that she was, yet no one there recognized her—which indicates that she wasn't. She either did or didn't run away with somebody in an automobile. Anyhow, something happened to *her*, because she's missing. The gold plate was stolen and the gold plate is back. I know *that*, thank Heaven! And now, knowing more about this affair than any other single individual, I don't know *anything*."

The Girl and the Plate

I

LOW-BENT over the steering-wheel, the Burglar sent the automobile scuttling breathlessly along the flat road away from Seven Oaks. At the first shot he crouched down in the seat, dragging the Girl with him; at the second, he winced a little and clenched his teeth tightly. The car's headlights cut a dazzling pathway through the shadows, and trees flitted by as a solid wall. The shouts of pursuers were left behind, and still the Girl clung to his arm.

"Don't do that," he commanded abruptly. "You'll make me smash into something."

"Why, Dick, they shot at us!" she protested indignantly.

The Burglar glanced at her, and, when he turned his eyes to the smooth road again, there was a flicker of a smile about the set lips.

"Yes, I had some such impression myself," he acquiesced grimly.

"Why, they might have killed us!" the Girl went on.

"It is just barely possible that they had some such absurd idea when they shot," replied the Burglar. "Guess you never got caught in a pickle like this before?"

"I certainly never did!" replied the Girl emphatically.

The whir and grind of their car drowned other sounds—sounds from behind—but from time to time the Burglar looked back, and from time to time he let out a new notch in the speed-regulator. Already the pace was terrific, and the Girl bounced up and down beside him at each trivial irregularity in the road, while she clung frantically to the seat.

"Is it necessary to go so awfully fast?" she gasped at last.

The wind was beating on her face, her mask blew this way and that; the beribboned sombrero clung frantically to a fast-falling strand of ruddy hair. She clutched at the hat and saved it, but her hair tumbled down about her shoulders, a mass of gold, and floated out behind.

"Oh," she chattered, "I can't keep my hat on!"

The Burglar took another quick look behind, then his foot went out against the speed-regulator and the car fairly leapt with suddenly increased impetus. The regulator was in the last notch now, and the car was one that had raced at Ormond Beach.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed the Girl again. "Can't you go a little slower?"

"Look behind," directed the Burglar tersely.

She glanced back and gave a little cry. Two giant eyes stared at her from a few hundred yards away as another car swooped along in pursuit, and behind this ominously-glittering pair was still another.

"They're chasing us, aren't they?"

"They are," replied the Burglar grimly, "but, if these tires hold, they haven't got a chance. A breakdown would ——" He didn't finish the sentence. There was a sinister note in his voice, but the Girl was still looking back and did not heed it. To her excited imagination, it seemed that the giant eyes behind were creeping up, and again she clutched the Burglar's arm.

"Don't do that, I say!" he commanded again.

"But, Dick, they mustn't catch us—they mustn't!"

"They won't."

"But if they should ——"

"They won't," he repeated.

"It would be perfectly awful!"

"Worse than that."

For a time the Girl silently watched him bending over the wheel, and a singular feeling of security came to her. Then the car swept around a bend in the road, careening perilously, and the glaring eyes were lost. She breathed more freely.

"I never knew you handled an auto so well," she said admiringly.

"I do lots of things people don't know I do," he replied. "Are those lights still there?"

"No, thank goodness!"

The Burglar touched a lever with his left hand and the whir of the machine became less pronounced. After a moment it began to slow down. The Girl noticed it and looked at him with new apprehension.

"Oh, we're stopping!" she exclaimed.

"I know it."

They ran on for a few hundred feet; then the Burglar set the brake and, after a deal of jolting, the car stopped. He leapt out and ran around behind. As the Girl watched him uneasily there came a sudden crash and the auto trembled a little.

"What is it?" she asked quickly.

"I smashed that tail lamp," he answered. "They can see it, and it's too easy for them to follow."

He stamped on the shattered fragments in the road, then came around to the side to climb in again, extending his left hand to the Girl.

"Quick, give me your hand," he requested.

She did so wonderingly and he pulled himself into the seat beside her with a perceptible effort. The car shivered, then started on again, slowly at first, but gathering speed each moment. The Girl was staring at her companion curiously, anxiously.

"Are you hurt?" she asked at last.

He did not answer at the moment, not until the car had regained its former speed and was hurtling headlong through the night.

"My right arm's out of business," he explained briefly—then: "I got that second bullet in the shoulder."

"Oh, Dick, Dick," she exclaimed, "and you hadn't said anything about it! You need assistance!"

A sudden rush of sympathy caused her to lay her hands again on his left arm. He shook them off roughly with something like anger in his manner.

"Don't do that!" he commanded for the third time. "You'll make me smash this car."

Startled by the violence of his tone she recoiled dumbly, and the car swept on. As before, the Burglar looked back from time to time, but the lights did not reappear. For a long time the Girl was silent and finally he glanced at her.

"I beg your pardon," he said humbly. "I didn't mean to speak so sharply, but—but it's true."

"It's really of no consequence," she replied coldly. "I am sorry—very sorry."

"Thank you," he replied.

"Perhaps it might be as well for you to stop the car and let me out," she went on after a moment.

The Burglar either didn't hear or wouldn't heed. The dim lights of a small village rose up before them, then faded away again; a dog barked lonesomely beside the road. The streaming lights of their car revealed a tangle of cross-roads just ahead, offering a definite method of shaking off pursuit. Their car swerved widely, and the Burglar's attention was centred on the road ahead.

"Does your arm pain you?" asked the Girl at last, timidly.

"No," he replied shortly. "It's a sort of numbness. I'm afraid I'm losing blood, though."

"Hadn't we better go back to the village and see a doctor?"

"Not *this* evening," he responded promptly in a tone which she did not understand. "I'll stop somewhere soon and bind it up."

At last, when the village was well behind, the car came to a dark little road which wandered off aimlessly through a wood, and the Burglar slowed down to turn into it. Once in the shelter of the overhanging branches they proceeded slowly for a hundred yards or more, finally coming to a standstill.

"We must do it here," he declared.

He leapt from the car, stumbled and fell. In an instant the Girl was beside him. The reflected light from the auto showed her dimly that he was trying to rise, showed her the pallor of his face where the chin below the mask was visible.

"I'm afraid it's pretty bad," he said. Then he fainted.

The Girl, stooping, raised his head to her lap and pressed her lips to his feverishly, time after time.

"Dick, Dick!" she sobbed, and tears fell upon the Burglar's sinister mask.

II

WHEN the Burglar awoke to consciousness he was as near Heaven as any mere man ever dares expect to be. He was comfortable—quite comfortable—wrapped in a delicious, languorous lassitude which forbade him opening his eyes to realization. A woman's hand lay on his forehead, caressingly, and dimly he knew that another hand cuddled cozily in one of his own. He lay still, trying to remember, before he opened his eyes. Some one beside him breathed softly and he listened, as if to music.

"It Must be Several Thousands, on Dead Weight"

Gradually the need of action—just what action and to what purpose did not occur to him—impressed itself on his mind. He raised one hand to his face and touched the mask which had been pushed back on his forehead. Then he recalled the ball, the shot, the chase, the hiding in the woods. He opened his eyes with a start. Utter darkness lay about him—for a moment he was not certain whether it was the darkness of blindness or of night.

"Dick, are you awake?" asked the Girl softly.

He knew the voice and was content.

"Yes," he answered languidly.

He closed his eyes again and some strange, subtle perfume seemed to envelop him. He waited. Warm lips were pressed to his own, thrilling him strangely, and the Girl rested a soft cheek against his.

"We have been very foolish, Dick," she said, sweetly chiding, after a moment. "It was all my fault for letting you expose yourself to danger, but I didn't dream of such a thing as this happening. I shall never forgive myself, because ——"

"But ——" he began protestingly.

"Not another word about it now," she hurried on. "We must go very soon. How do you feel?"

"I'm all right, or will be in a minute," he responded and he made as if to rise. "Where is the car?"

"Right here. I extinguished the lights and managed to stop the engine for fear those horrid people who were after us might notice."

"Good girl!"

"When you jumped out and fainted I jumped out, too. I'm afraid I was not very clever, but I managed to bind your arm. I took my handkerchief and pressed it against the wound after ripping your coat, then I bound it there. It stopped the flow of blood, but, Dick, dear, you must have medical attention just as soon as possible."

The Burglar moved his shoulder a little and winced.

"Just as soon as I did that," the Girl went on, "I made you comfortable here on a cushion from the car."

"Good girl!" he said again.

"Then I sat down to wait until you got better. I had no stimulant or anything, and I didn't dare to leave you, so—so I just waited," she ended with a weary little sigh.

"How long was I knocked out?" he queried.

"I don't know; half an hour, perhaps."

"The bag is all right, I suppose?"

"The bag?"

"The bag with the stuff—the one I threw in the car when we started?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so! Really, I hadn't thought of it."

"Hadn't thought of it?" repeated the Burglar, and there was a trace of astonishment in his voice. "By George, you're a wonder!" he added.

He started to get on his feet, then dropped back weakly.

"Say, girlie," he requested, "see if you can find the bag in the car there and hand it out. Let's take a look."

"Where is it?"

"Somewhere in front. I felt it at my feet when I jumped out."

There was a rustle of skirts in the darkness, and after a moment a faint muffled clank as of one heavy metal striking dully against another.

"Goodness!" exclaimed the Girl. "It's heavy enough. What's in it?"

"What's in it?" echoed the Burglar, and he chuckled. "A fortune, nearly. It's worth being punctured for. Let me *see*?"

In the darkness he took the bag from her hands and fumbled with it a moment. She heard the metallic sound again and then several heavy objects were poured out on the ground.

"A good fourteen pounds of pure gold," commented the Burglar. "By George, I have but one match, but we'll see what it's like."

The match was struck, sputtered for a moment then flamed up, and the Girl, standing, looked down upon the Burglar on his knees beside a heap of gold plate. She stared at the glittering mass as if fascinated, and her eyes opened wide.

"Why, Dick, what is that?" she asked.

"It's Randolph's plate," responded the Burglar complacently. "I don't know how much it's worth, but it must be several thousands, on dead weight."

"What are you doing with it?"

"What am I doing with it?" repeated the Burglar. He was about to look up when the match burned his finger and he dropped it. "That's a silly question."

"But how came it in your possession?" the Girl insisted.

"I acquired it by the simple act of—of dropping it into a bag and bringing it along. That and you in the same evening ——" He stretched out a hand toward her, but she was not there. He chuckled a little as he turned and picked up eleven plates, one by one, and replaced them in the bag.

"Nine—ten—eleven," he counted. "What luck did *you* have?"

"Dick Herbert, explain to me, please, what you are doing with that gold plate?" There was an imperative command in the voice.

The Burglar paused and rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"Oh, I'm taking it to have it fixed," he responded lightly.

"Fixed? Taking it this way at this time of the night?"

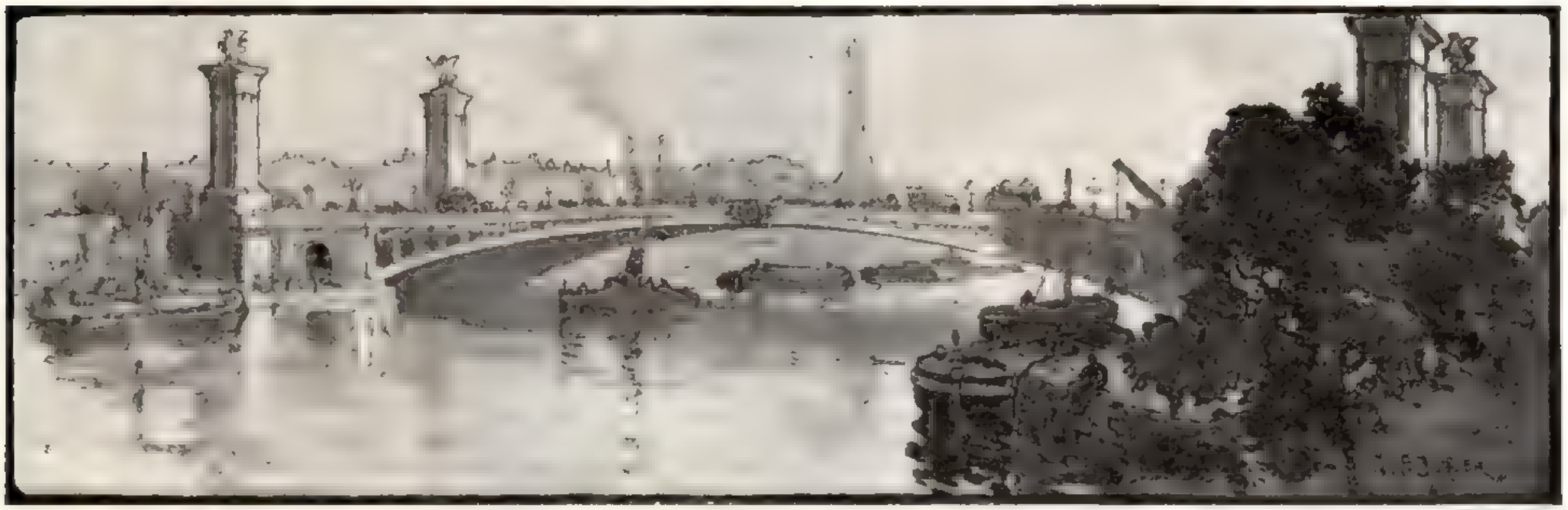
"Sure," and he laughed pleasantly.

"You mean you—you—you stole it?" The words came with an effort.

"Well, I'd hardly call it that," remarked the Burglar. "That's a harsh word. Still, it's in my possession; it wasn't given to me, and I didn't buy it. You may draw your own conclusions."

(Continued on Page 24)

SHOPPING IN PARIS



By Mrs. John Van Vorst

PARIS has more than once been called the "American woman's paradise," with the tacit implication that the ideal spot for our countrywoman is that particular one where she can best do her "shopping."

The amount of money, to be sure, spent yearly by Americans in and about the Rue de la Paix sufficiently testifies to the subtle fascination which this especial part of the globe exercises over the fair visitors from across the water. Many of them, indeed, seem to feel that their spring has been ill employed if it does not include a fortnight's shopping in Paris.

Now, just what is the reason for all this?

Is it an economy to buy one's belongings in Paris?

Is it that the French have perfected their taste beyond that of any other nation?

Is it that they best know how to sell their wares?

There is no court, imperial or regal, to set the fashion in Paris, yet to the Republic still it is that the world refers in the matters of "mode."

Now, who is it that sets the fashion?

In America a response to this question was given me by the cleverest owner of the most successful department store in New York. He said:

"When the newspapers publish an account of some new thing which Mrs. Astor has appeared in for the first time, there are five thousand people in my store the next day who ask for that thing and who are going to have it *whether they can afford it or not!*"

There is no leader quite so autocratic in France. Indeed, there are many who pretend that the styles come from the English Court and are Parisianized in the Rue de la Paix. This is in a measure true, but more important than the suggestion given from across the channel is the taste with which Frenchmen transform whatever they touch.

It is the pursuit of this taste, unerring, that lures American women, yearly, by the thousands into the capital which becomes thereby their paradise.

Some thrifty housewives declare it pays their trip across the ocean to come and do their dressmaking in Paris. Others find prices higher in France than in New York. But one thing on which all seem united in opinion is that the Frenchman, unique as a dressmaker, a milliner and the rest, will "cheat you if he can."

This impression results from two separate causes: the way the French merchant does business, and the horror Americans have of bargaining.

Interested in this difference between Anglo-Saxon and Latin methods of doing trade, I questioned a well-known American shopkeeper established in Paris. He said:

"The principal point that distinguishes us is this: our salesmen are in the shop to give the customer what he asks for. The Frenchmen are there to find out what the customer inwardly desires and to force it gently upon him."

This forcing the cards, as it were, gives the impression of cheating or of overcharging, for nothing seems so expensive to the American woman as the thing she has bought without "really wanting it."

It is in defense against these insinuating methods that the vice of bargaining has become so prevalent in Latin countries. The only way of "getting even" with the merchant who tries to make you buy what you don't want is to oblige him to sell for less than his original price. Thus, if the American woman doesn't care whether or not she gets the object she has come to buy, the merchant is in her power; but, if she feels that she must have it, she is in his power. It is in the abuse of this knowledge of human weakness that the Frenchman has given an impression of slyness.

One of the old curiosity dealers remarked to me in this connection:

"We have several classes of American shoppers. There is the doubtful lady whose mind is not made up to buy. With her we must endeavor to create an irresistible taste for some object which is rare and difficult to duplicate. Then there is the determined buyer who knows exactly what she wants and who can't find it. With her we proceed by a process of suggestion, working gradually and persuasively toward making her believe that, by her own cleverness, she has succeeded in obtaining what no one else could have procured. Then also we have the American lady who doesn't know what she wants.

"She is perhaps the most difficult to deal with.

"We coax her into buying by proposing to let her exchange the next day whatever she chooses. This succeeds, sometimes. When it fails, we show a model which has just been purchased by the Princess X. or the Duchess of Z. Often this provokes in her the wish to possess a copy of the Princess' or the Duchess' model."

My communicative friend continued:

"France ships every month over fifty thousand dollars' worth of old curiosities for private collections alone in the United States. So you see, sooner or later, we must manage to induce even those who don't know what they want to buy something!"

So much for the merchant's acute understanding which, legitimate, of course, gives nevertheless an impression of cunning.

As for the American woman's reluctance to bargain, it is in a measure responsible for the overcharging to which she falls a victim in Paris. The French shopkeeper, brought up since days immemorial in the public bazars or markets, has an innate taste for bargaining. It is the science, the philosophy, the psychology of his profession, the intellectual part of it which lifts him from the sordid limits of the commercial commonplace. It is in driving a bargain that he becomes acquainted with his customer. The conversation which envelops a sale is for him a social pleasure. He rather scorns the cut-and-dried methods of the American tradesman who could carry on his business almost in silence! The Frenchman likes to hobnob, and his clients like to hobnob with him.

But not so the Americans!

How many of them have we heard remark:

"I'd rather pay anything they ask than have to haggle over the price!"

Is not such logic as this fatal to honest dealings?

For the Frenchman, each object in his store has its well-defined market value. But in addition to this it has another value determined by the extent to which it is coveted by the customer.

All this conflict in methods of doing business results in the American being frequently cheated.

"Why," we have heard an eager French dealer exclaim to an American customer, "I will throw off ten dollars!—Madame cannot ask more."

And "Madame" turns, and, with a slight curl of her rosy lips, responds:

"Ten dollars? That may be a great deal to you, but it is nothing to me!"

The merchant can do no better than believe it. So that when he adds an extra ten "just for the American," it is because she has herself convinced him that ten dollars is "nothing to her."

Now, whether the Americans are wholly responsible or not, the fact remains that prices in Paris have gone steadily up for the last century, and that to-day sums are paid which even recently would have astonished the leaders of fashion.

"Ten years ago," said a worldly American woman to me, "we considered fifteen dollars a good price to pay the Rue de la Paix milliners for our hats—twenty dollars was considered extreme. To-day we pay forty dollars for something *convenable*, and we give as high as sixty dollars for a hat that is really smart."

Steadily the taste for luxury has increased. The book wherein the lady-in-waiting to Marie Antoinette pasted samples of all this extravagant Queen's most extravagant gowns might to-day be used as a suggestion to the young American girl. This little volume, precious and melancholy, is stored away among the treasures of the

"The Truly French Do Their Shopping *'En Famille'*"

In Driving a Bargain He Becomes Acquainted with His Customer

National Archives in Paris. On the faded yellow of its pages there are pasted fragments of silk, taffetas, light brocades, plain grosgrain, and, as the summit of luxury, three bits of velvet, fragments of gowns worn on the grandest occasions.

Again, a more recent example of regal modesty has come under our notice in a letter addressed by the Empress Eugénie to one of her family. In it she says:

"They used to accuse me of extravagance! What did my expenses represent as compared to those of any bourgeoise of to-day! During all the time I was Empress I had only three dresses that cost, each of them, as much as $200—one for my marriage, one for the Exposition of 1868 and one for the christening of the Prince Imperial!"

The very sorts of gowns worn and the material of which they are made have changed in the last generation. Worth, the great Paris dressmaker, established his reputation through the splendor of the stuffs he made use of during the Empire. Solid and grandiose, these long-enduring silks and satins, made on the hand-looms at Lyons, were of a substantiality inappropriate to the needs of to-day.

For these needs have radically altered.

Doucet, whose sign has hung on the same spot in the Rue de la Paix for two generations, says:

"Formerly, when my father started in the dressmaking business, the gown which had the greatest vogue was the house dress, the '*robe d'intérieur*.' Now we never hear of it. The modern woman is seldom at home in the daytime, and the two great models we sell are the street dress and the evening dress. The short skirt which Americans have made the fashion, and which the modern woman considers indispensable, we call '*trotteuse*.' Is not the name suggestive?"

Thus the well-wearing goods which lasted a lifetime have been replaced by a variety of light and vaporous materials: muslins, chiffons, *crêpes de Chine*, silklike cloths. They must be renewed with every passing fashion, and their variety and flimsiness add enormously to the expense of the toilette.

But aside from the indifference of the American woman in Paris to her ten dollars, and aside from the fact that the natural course of existence imposes upon woman, from the multiple obligations of her life to-day, a great extravagance of costumes—aside from all this, there is another reason why Americans pay more than anybody else when they shop in Paris. This reason is that they want the best, and the "best" is always expensive.

Speaking of this, one of the "*grandes couturières*" said to me:

"The English lady, when she comes to select her gowns, has just so much money set aside to spend. If what we show her is beyond the limit fixed, no matter how much it tempts her, she will not purchase it.

"The American lady, on the contrary, is quite different. She knows exactly the value of things—laces and the rest. We cannot deceive her. She is as clever as we are. But when she wants a thing she buys it, no matter what it costs!"

"And the French?" I asked, wondering wherein our methods had been taken from them.

"Oh, the French!" My informant smiled. "The truly French do their shopping as they do everything else, '*en famille*.' The husband accompanies his wife, the mother comes with her children, and it is an all-day affair choosing a frock! The young girls must be dressed exactly alike, though there be five of them in one family. To vary their gowns would be to incite jealousy among them. The French girl must be as free of personality before marriage as a Sister of Charity in a convent."

Then she added:

"Among the *grandes dames* of the French aristocracy to-day there is the same extravagance practiced as among Americans in the matter of dress."

There is another reason, too, why Americans spend so much in Paris. How many times have we heard a fair traveler from across the seas exclaim:

"I didn't mean to buy a thing in Paris, but the shop-windows were so tempting I could not resist!"

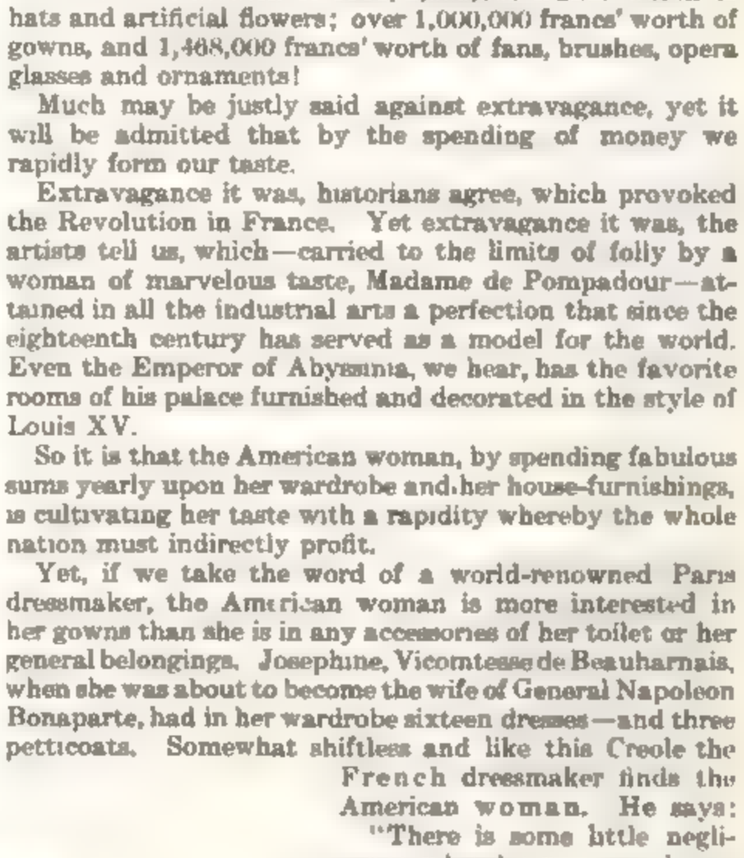
In London the casual arrangement of the showcases is a tacit suggestion to the purchaser that if he wants anything he can "find it for himself."

In Paris there is nothing haphazard about the disposition of goods in the *étalage* of the humblest store. Haberdashers like Charvet pay an immense salary to the window-decorator, who produces veritable works of art in his harmonious combinations of scarfs, handkerchiefs and hosiery. The large plate glass reflects each day a new series, varying in hue from the boldness of the modern impressionist to the soft, æsthetic tints of the Renaissance painters. Even such dull and practical supplies as dog biscuits and garden seeds are made to produce their effect in the windows of the shops where they are sold.

The desire to procure always the "best," and the knowledge acquired by experience that the best is the most costly, has caused sometimes a confusion in the minds of the novice at shopping. She has concluded, with false feminine logic, that, if the best costs the most, what costs the most must be the best. The French shopkeeper, seeing her instinctive indulgence toward the highest-priced articles, is naturally tempted to augment the value of certain objects by adding a few francs to their original cost.

There is no one quarter in Paris like the American "downtown," or shopping district. The butcher, the baker and the candlestick-maker have, scattered all over the city, little shops in which they do business with the actual inhabitants of their own particular neighborhood.

There is, however, around that part of Paris which radiates from the Opera and the Madeleine a certain concentration of trade according to districts. For example, the great place for hat shops is the Faubourg Saint Honoré; the Rue de la Paix is the realm of the dressmaker and the jeweler; on the Rue de Provence and the Rue Lafayette are the antiquity dealers, while the boulevards and the Avenue de l'Opéra are the especial domain of the objects known as



She has Concluded that What Costs the Most Must be the Best

articles de Paris, which comprise fans, picture frames, leather goods, porcelain ornaments, bronze statues, and bric-à-brac in general.

Behind the Palais Royal are collected the stores where feathers, artificial flowers, glass beads and passementerie trimmings are sold, both wholesale and retail.

From these commercial centres Paris shipped, during the first three months of 1905, 2,069,000 francs' worth of hats and artificial flowers; over 1,000,000 francs' worth of gowns, and 1,468,000 francs' worth of fans, brushes, opera glasses and ornaments!

Much may be justly said against extravagance, yet it will be admitted that by the spending of money we rapidly form our taste.

Extravagance it was, historians agree, which provoked the Revolution in France. Yet extravagance it was, the artists tell us, which—carried to the limits of folly by a woman of marvelous taste, Madame de Pompadour—attained in all the industrial arts a perfection that since the eighteenth century has served as a model for the world. Even the Emperor of Abyssinia, we hear, has the favorite rooms of his palace furnished and decorated in the style of Louis XV.

So it is that the American woman, by spending fabulous sums yearly upon her wardrobe and her house-furnishings, is cultivating her taste with a rapidity whereby the whole nation must indirectly profit.

Yet, if we take the word of a world-renowned Paris dressmaker, the American woman is more interested in her gowns than she is in any accessories of her toilet or her general belongings. Josephine, Vicomtesse de Beauharnais, when she was about to become the wife of General Napoleon Bonaparte, had in her wardrobe sixteen dresses—and three petticoats. Somewhat shiftless and like this Creole the French dressmaker finds the American woman. He says:

"There is some little negligence whereby we can always distinguish the American. It may be a stitch needed here or there, a button off the glove, a bit of lace torn on the underskirt, a shoestring untied, a lock of hair straying loose. Only a detail, to be sure; the "little nothing" which the humblest Frenchwoman considers more important in contributing to the harmony of her get-up than is her gown itself."

There is an old saying that "good wine needs no bush," and it is somewhat with this belief that the best of the French houses refrain entirely from advertising. Business in their establishments has been carried on from father to son for generations. The American shopkeeper after a short time has either squandered his output or made a fortune. The Frenchman goes a more tranquil way—he regards his shop as a hearthstone and very often associated with him is his wife, his daughter. Even in the large stores where the family methods cannot be applied, the personal interest of each clerk is enlisted by a system of selling on

(Concluded on Page 24)

"I Will Throw Off Ten Dollars!—Madame Cannot Ask More"

The Shame of the Colleges

Waited on the Government with a claim to wear
Sabres by the bucketful, rifles by the pair.—Kipling

West Point: a Reign of Drill-Terriers

By WALLACE IRWIN

"WHAT is the matter with Harvard, Yale and Princeton?" you may ask, and the echo will reply, "They're all right, you bet, every time!"—the answer coming more from force of habit than from any motives of justice or truth. Ask any student of sociology the same question and he will say: "The stamping out of fair competition, due to the Private Ownership of Utilities at these colleges. This evil can be eliminated by the removal of the personal equation in the manufacture of brain products. Too much power has fallen into the hands of The Few and has resulted in a Gentleman Trust, Frenzied Education and a Democratic Machine." So you turn naturally to Government Ownership of Colleges in order to find a remedy for the crimes of the college corporations—and what do you find? West Point! The United States Military Academy waving the red-tape of Socialism unrebuked before the nation's eyes.

West Point is, undoubtedly, our earliest experiment in the Public Ownership of Education. Ask any cadet you may find smoking a cigarette behind the Battle Monument if this is not so, and he will tell you, after saluting nine times, changing his uniform and peeking carefully about in order to make sure that he is not overheard by a Tactical Officer—he will tell you that the nails in his shoes, his innermost thoughts, the seams in his trousers, his day-dreams, his nightmares, his past, present and future, are owned absolutely and irrevocably by the Great White Father at Washington. He cannot sneeze, he will complain, without a written permit from the Superintendent. He breathes by Act of Congress and flirts under the personal chaperonage of the Secretary of War. And if some nymph should arise from out the leafage of Flirtation Walk and implore, as a souvenir, a bell-button from his dress coat, he may yield—but to-morrow there will come a summons from the High Fangdoo of Military Instruction, who judges without mercy. Cadets are forbidden to blow kisses, because it is a crime to give away Government property.

He will reveal these things softly, furtively, this truthful cadet, then he will again salute nine times, again change his uniform and depart to walk the area two hours and a half or to march, march, march most of the afternoon with a Drill-Terrier barking at his heels.

And yet it must be a proud moment for young Phoebus as he drives his blazing auto-car across the sidereal track to pause at West Point, ere he sinks behind the western hills, and behold the magnificent turn-out in honor of his going. "Br-r-r-r!" goes the tattoo of the drummers as the white-legged companies pour out of the sally-port, an operatic chorus with real scenery.

Come, 'prentice-boy Generals, get in and drill!
Te-rumi-tum, tum! te-rumi-tum, tum!
Develop your talents and learn how to kill!
Te-rumi-tum, rumi-tum, tum!
Get into the notion of noble devotion,
Drink hearty of glory a liberal potion,
And soon you'll be tagged for an army promotion—
Te-rumi-tum, rumi-tum, tum!

Don't mope there like Socrates chewing the cud!
Huzza for the rattle of battle and blood
First flower of our chivalry, just in the bud.
Te-rumi-tum, rumi-tum, tum!

We're turning out heroes so fearfully fast—
Te-rumi-tum, tum! te-rumi-tum, tum!
We've got Mr. Bonaparte lashed to a mast,
Te-rumi-tum, rumi-tum, tum!
Our National Pater, he taught us to cater
To Eagles of War, that our land might be greater—
Our Eagles are hatched in Our Own Incubator.
Te-rumi-tum, rumi-tum, tum!

We're simply deliciously keen for a fray;
If Russians or Prussians defied us to-day
We'd show our brass buttons and scare 'em away.
Te-rumi-tum, rumi-tum, tum!

Polished a hole through the gun barrel

We challenge the World at the point of a gun—
Te-rumi-tum, tum! te-rumi-tum, tum!
Just bring on the Foe—say a hundred to one.
Te-rumi-tum, rumi-tum, tum!
To speak with all candor we think Alexander
Was rather a woozy old boozy commander—
Just wait till *we're* out and *we'll* show you some dander!
Te-rumi-tum, rumi-tum, tum!

With cannon to left of us, cannon to right,
We're spoiling and broiling to stir up a fight;
We're highly explosive—don't set us alight!
Te-rumi-tum, rumi-tum, tum!

A dandy military band comes tooting and fifing up the centre and down again, a thousand white-clad legs rise and fall in unison—"Halt!" and the thin, gray line of heroes grows suddenly petrified, a row of duplicate statues on a chalk-line a block long. "Boom!" roars the sunset gun, "Snack-snack!" go six hundred rifles coming to present, and Old Glory ripples down the flagstaff to rest honorably upon the greensward.

When first I beheld this scene I stood transfixed. The thrill of a true patriotism surged through me, sang anthems in my blood. A violet virgin occupied the place next to me. She, too, stood transfixed. A long sigh quivered over her flowery lips as she murmured:

"Oh, Margaret, doesn't he look *too dear* in that red sash!"

And I knew that I was witnessing an emotion that was greater than the nation itself.

Had Andrew Carnegie lived in Revolutionary times he might have endowed West Point, and thus have saved George Washington and the Continental Congress a great deal of unnecessary worry in the days when they were busy getting things started. It was the Father of our Country who first conceived the plan to establish a Public Ownership Military College. His motives were innocent and his ideals patriotic, so when he got a few hours' respite from the Beef Trust and the Insurance Companies he took a trip up the Hudson and picked out a site for the proposed institution. He chose West Point because it was an economical ride from Harlem by Day Line steamers, because it always rained there on recreation days, and because the splendid equipment of mosquitoes along the river, more deadly than the imperfect shore-batteries of the day, made the height almost impregnable against the advance of an enemy in case of war. The choice seemed a wise one to the stately General, to whose far-seeing eyes the muck-rake appeared merely as a cloud no bigger than a man's hand.

You doubtless all know the year in which West Point was founded, so I need not take the trouble of looking it up for you. Sufficient it is to say that some time has elapsed since then and our nation has grown a great many millions (exactly how many you can learn by looking in any reliable table of statistics). We have fought two and a half victorious wars, abolished savagery and self-government in the Philippine Islands, discovered the Panama Canal, and erected a Dewey arch in every town of over 300 inhabitants in the United States. Ours has been an age of great military glory, and West Point has made many heroes of action, including a New York Police Commissioner. But let us see.

Out of the long-tried system of Government Ownership of Cadets has grown the reign of Drill-Terriers, or, more properly speaking, the tyranny of military instructors, who are making it hard, very hard, for the young men who are trying to get an education in the gentle art of killing. I am told that the average cadet spends nearly six hours a day in general saluting, his time being divided as follows:

Saluting Superintendent Mills ..... 3 hours daily.
Saluting the Commandant . . 1 hour fifteen minutes daily.
Practicing salute . . .. 1 hour daily
Miscellaneous, general and promiscuous saluting . . ½ hour daily.

The West Point salute is a terrible thing to see. It begins with a stiffening of the whole body, the eyes become glassy and the mouth rigid. Suddenly the right hand shoots upward and the tense fingers touch the vizor of the cap with a sharp twitch like a paralytic stroke. The oligarchy of Tactical Officers demand this, as they demand the reign of Drill-Terriers and the Entrance Examinations.

Entrance Examinations, even in their mildest form, are relics of barbarism, anachronisms which should be abolished in the name of humanity. Cannot a young man be allowed to enter a college or academy without having his brain fuddled and his confidence shaken by the curious questions of a foolish Faculty? And the Entrance Examinations to West Point are becoming more cruel, more unreasonably cruel each year. I have it from the most untrustworthy sources that hundreds of prospective Plebes are carried annually from the examination-rooms in a state of total collapse. If it were not for the Entrance Examinations, I dare say hundreds of bright young men would be admitted to the Academy who, as it is, never see that austere demesne. And this is ridiculously unfair.

The following excerpt from a West Point Entrance Examination I received through a steam-pipe and carried away on my cuff. I submit it to my intelligent readers. Is it fair to tax the minds of growing boys with such problems as the following?

1—(*a*) If President Roosevelt is Commander-in-Chief of the Army, what is Uncle Joe Cannon? (*b*) Senator Aldrich? (*c*) William Jennings Bryan?

2—If in West Point vernacular "slum" means stewed beef and "growley" tomato catsup, how would you express mock-turtle soup in the same terms?

3—West Point proper is bounded by Cullom Memorial Hall and the Officers' Quarters. West Point improper is bounded by Flirtation Walk and the Hotel. Why?

The Salute

4—Translate the following from cadet slang into English: "Tac. Smith, the cuckoo, is a quilloid. He skinned an area-bird for rolling a skag." (*b*) What is the difference between a "spoonoid" and a "hopoid"?

5 Suppose you were fighting in the Philippine Islands, surrounded on three sides by savage Moros, one arm cut off by a bolo—which would you consider it your duty to save, the Daughter of the Regiment or the Army Canteen? Give your reasons.

6 Give twenty-three reasons why General Miles should not be President of the United States.

7—How can you stop a twelve-pound cannon-ball traveling at the rate of six miles a second? Are you fool enough to try?

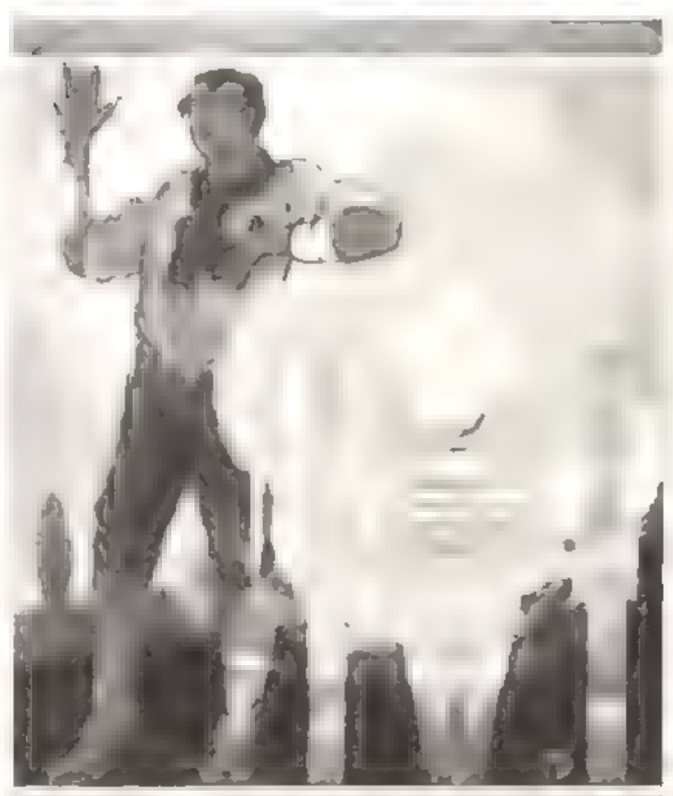
8—If the Major-General sits on the point of attack would it be advisable for him to make a rear movement or to shift the seat of war?

9—Give the principal parts of a Government mule.

10—What part of Sweden is in Milwaukee? What made Milwaukee famous?

11—Do you believe in fairies?

Every year, after hours of grinding, tormenting effort, a few candidates pass the examination and are admitted to



A Quotation in the Cannon's Mouth

West Point. But they never seem quite strong enough to cope with the heartless grilling which is to follow at Beast Barracks.

At West Point they no longer haze the Plebes—they drill them. The thousand fiends of hazing have been exorcised from the Academy by all the curses of the red tape and the gold braid. The Great Red-tape Worm at the National Capitol has unwound his million coils, edict has followed manifesto and proclamation has followed edict, with the result that the Yearlings eye the callow Freshmen—"beasts" as they are called during their first weeks of preparation—hungrily; yet they dare not tear them to pieces as of yore. They stand like wolves about the close-locked fold as the Plebes—poor, bleating beasts—come flocking into Beast Barracks still clad in the wool of civilian life.

"We can't touch you, according to Regulations," growl the savage Yearlings softly, "but wait till we drill you—just you wait!"

Hoo! Hoo!
You poor little zoo;
We won't do a thing to you
But drill you
Till we kill you!
Hep, hep, left-right-left!
Pull in your chin, there!
Turn out your toes, there!
Puff out your chest till it touches your nose, there!
Right face, left face!
One, two, three,
Mark time, double time—
Don't watch me!
Drill from the crack of the first dawn light
Clear till the twinkling stars of night—
Gee-foot, haw-foot,
Hay-foot, straw-foot,
Sore-foot, trot-foot,
Limber-leg and hot-foot.
Bum, tick-a-tick-tac,
Bum-bum-bum!
(List to the music of the Hell Cats' drum!)
Throw out your chest till your spine caves in;
Eyes to the front, there!
PULL IN YOUR CHIN!
You'll be an officer of rank some day,
But now you're a piker in the Military A.

Up and down the drill-plain in the early months of summer you will see the little, embryonic Grants and Wellingtons divided into awkward squads, panting, fleeing, double-timing it back and forth with gray-coated Yearling Drill-Terriers ever pursuing like harpies tormenting flocks of timid ghosts.

I knew a budding Military Prodigy once, a sort of Napoleon-in-the-egg, who went to West Point from Newport. He was not like other boys, his parents told me, and I could see signs of startling ability in the lad. He was a stern critic of General Kuropatkin, and he had some views on strategy which might have helped General Kuroki a great deal had that distinguished foreigner requested aid. The boy told me in confidence that they would not have to drill him much because he had been three years at St. Lucre's Military Academy, where he had served gallantly, having won a silver medal after being breveted First Sergeant. What he didn't know about the Guard Manual, he said, was hardly fit to print.

I shared the Military Prodigy's faith in his future, but when next I saw his parents they were worrying a great deal. It seems that when Harry reached the Academy they hustled him into a detention-shed at Beast Barracks, where they made him wait until a large Yearling with spike-teeth stalked in and thundered:

"Pull in your chin! Do you know how to shoulder a gun?"

"Oh, yes," said the Military Prodigy meekly.

"Don't say 'Oh, yes' to me. Say 'Yes, sir'—d'ye hear?"

"Yes, sir," quoth the beast. "I was only going to explain, sir, that I didn't think that it would be necessary to show me much about the drill, as I know about everything that there's to be learned along that line. I was First Sergeant in my company at St. Lucre's Military Academy."

A. Swinburne Beaker

The spike-toothed Yearling called over to a friend, "Oh, Bill! Here's a young gentleman who says that he was Major-General at St. Something-or-Other. What shall we do with him?"

"That's too bad!" said Bill in a gentle voice. "There aren't any Major-Generalships vacant this week—and Heaven only knows when General Mills is going to resign. So you see, you fresh little beast, you had better get in and drill about nine hours a day. Stand up there! Throw out your chest! Pull in your chin! Now, for-r-rward, lurch! Double time! Step out, step out!"

They kept the Military Prodigy crunching gravel on the drill-plain until the evening gun sounded and Old Glory spun to earth. Then a scowling Yearling came in and ordered Harry to get to work polishing his belt-buckle

(Continued on Page 81)

Because I gave the girls most of the buttons off my dress coat

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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Smiting the Philistine

THE Standard Oil has always kept on intimate terms with religion. Some of the most active of the "upstairs" gentlemen at 26 Broadway graduated out of the ranks of the ministry into the larger world of affairs. The great founder of the concern himself has been famous for uniting with his relentless pursuit of the dollar a fervent zeal for the Gospel—a combination of piety and ferocity that has successfully puzzled all his biographers. It is too easy to explain him by calling him a mere hypocrite, or to consider his gifts to religion and education as conscience money. The Sunday-school and the railroad rebate seem to associate harmoniously in his ideals. The recent investigations of the Oil Trust have brought the latest evidence of a profitable union of business and religion. A number of the witnesses testified that, in securing a rival's business, a favorite method of the Standard has been to get into relations with the minister of a congregation and "donate" to him a few barrels of oil. In exchange the pastor would furnish a list of his flock, marking those that dealt with the Philistine independents. Then the Standard agent got busy with these heathen, and by letting them have the pure oil of the Trust at bottom prices (for a time) quickly froze out the Philistine from the flock. With the pastor's aid the agent could easily thereafter keep an eye upon the flock and prevent backsliding.

It has remained for American shrewdness to discover how useful religion might be made as an ally to acquisition. And the process is logical enough; for it is natural that brethren should help one another, and that the liberal giver to the church should have the trade of the congregation. It looks as if the independent dealers were a godless set of men.

A Water Cure at Home

SLOWLY the doctors are coming round to concede, grudgingly, that the drinking of water may be more or less beneficial, or probably doesn't do any harm—any great harm. Water, the drinking of water, the drinking of large quantities of water, has been part of the instinctive hygienic régime of the entire animal kingdom from the beginning. We owe it to the medical profession that this régime, as natural as breathing, has been all but abolished in civilization. And now, more intelligent than formerly though they are, the doctors as a rule still oppose water, except for occasional "cures"—whose chief value, by the way, is simply that one does take in a considerable part of the fluid that can wash the body inside and out.

The truth is that every one should, every morning, a safe hour before eating, drink down a large quantity of plain, ordinary water, at an agreeable temperature. An internal bath, then an external bath, and you will not have to consult your family physician so often.

Who'll Get the Pie?

WE LIKE to know that the United States will produce twenty-five million tons of iron during this calendar year, whereas our two nearest competitors—Germany and England—both together produced only twenty million tons last year; that the wheat-crop is above seven hundred million bushels, and that the national banks alone hold more than four billion dollars of individual deposits—in short, that we have so much more steel and corn and hogs and money than any other country. It simplifies our problem. Material well-being must nowadays be the first organized aim of the people. The ancient recipe for rabbit-pie began: "First catch your rabbit." We have caught the rabbit. We have even baked the pie—a culinary fabric of colossal proportions and pleasant aspect, very ample to smooth the last wrinkle from the national abdomen and pad the last bare spot on the national ribs. Of course, some people are helping themselves to preposterous wedges and others get barely a crumb. But the pie is there.

The very opulence of the provision makes certain features of the distribution all the more intolerable. If there really wasn't enough to go around, for example, we might excuse some for being hogs, and reconcile ourselves to the spectacle of small, toiling children. It always looks to us as though working out the problem of distribution ought to be easier where there is such a plenty to be distributed.

A Sentimental People

WE ARE about the most sentimental nation on the face of the earth. In spite of all the new questions that have arisen since the Civil War, the bloody shirt kept the Republican party in power for the better part of half a century. We have made the most of all the sentiment that could be got out of the Spanish War—Dewey and Manila Bay, Hobson and Santiago, Rough Riders *et al.* Our painters must put a tender story into their pictures if they want to sell them—something with a motto to it like Breaking Home Ties; and our novelists have caught the popular trick of gush. All the best "sellers" are strong on sentiment—they are lacrimose. As to the theatre, no play can hope to have a long run that does not build on mother, home or Heaven. Although we lynch now and then we hang as seldom as possible. There are at present fifty or more wretches condemned to death in Kansas for murders waiting for a Governor who has either the conviction or the courage that will make him defy popular sentiment. As for women criminals, there is hardly a State in the Union where one can be properly punished for the most shocking crimes.

Whenever a murderer has been convicted at great expense and condemned to death, the Governor of the State is usually overwhelmed with petitions for his pardon from the very best people of the community where his crime has been committed. The only trouble with the insurance criminals, the coal barons and the packers has been that they could not make a sentimental appeal to anybody, although Mr. Perkins did his best with that famous letter from his father.

In Europe they speak of Americans as devoted, body and soul, to the sordid dollar. How little they know us! Uncle Sam should always appear with a large pocket-handkerchief ready for use.

Climate and Character

EVERY now and then, in the revolution of the years, the stars seem to get mixed, or the Gulf Stream goes astray, and we suffer a jolt in our climatic conditions such as the American world is experiencing this year. In spite of all the weather bureaus and meteorological charts, humanity remains exposed to the effects of the climate much as it did in the days of the cave-man. Climate, like debt and death, is a constant factor in the human lot, and since we cannot alter it, it might be well to study its phenomena and adapt ourselves to them. Climate has a lot to do with making the character of a people, in determining race tendencies. Individually we all have our convictions as to the climate that suits us best. Some like the sodden variety with low barometric pressure that will soothe the irritated nerve and woo to sleep. Others, of a more lethargic constitution, prefer theirs high and dry, with a sparkle and bite that set the blood leaping through the veins. There are those that like the ozone of the briny sea, and those that pine for the ozone of mountain and fir. Save for a few vacation-days in summer, however, the ordinary laboring mortal is forced to disregard this perpetual factor in his sum of happiness, and do his duty where the job calls him, be it hot or dry, bracing or relaxing. That is plainly an imperfect condition of things: men work best in the environments best suited for their temperaments. Some who are criminals in New York might have made good citizens in the dry air of Colorado, and the wasted energies running amuck over the alkali plains might labor peacefully, six days out of seven, if only transferred to the dopey fields of the lower Mississippi Valley. What is needed is a Board of Climate to gather and publish exact statistics on different climates with recommendations from climate experts as to special climates for particular temperaments. Ultimately, we might all hope to get into the right climate to the infinite satisfaction of ourselves—and of our neighbors.

The Standardization of Pleasure

THE commonest objection to a socialistic scheme of life is that it would result in "leveling off" to a dull and uninspiring mediocrity. The average man—and woman, too—prefers a variety of experience on this human stage; even though his share of the variety may be less exciting than his neighbor's, he hopes to have his neighbor's chance some day! Few recognize, however, how thoroughly life to-day is becoming uniform, how rapidly it is "standardizing." The economists show that this is the inevitable result of industrial development: we must all buy the same kind of underwear or nails, and eat the same kind of food-products, within a given grade.

In buying our pleasures, also, we are becoming highly "organized." How many novel ways of spending a fortune or of getting a simple good time are there? There is the trip to Europe, the hunting expedition, the big touring-car, the steam or sail yacht, the country house, and the "market." Of course there are a number of classes in all these articles of *luxe*, but, within any class, the purchaser has to content himself with the established standard. He can live at the Waldorf or the Savoy, or at a boarding-house in either New York or London, but his experiences, his pleasures, once having chosen his class, will be pretty much the same wherever he may be. A woman may put her husband's dollars into jewels, but, whether she belongs to the diamond tiara class or the imitation turquoise class, she will get the same article that a thousand of her sisters are getting at the same time. And the tendency is for the classes to look alike: the diamond tiara is easily imitated and so are the Waldorf and the motor-car.

The average human being is an imitative animal: it takes imagination to discover new ways of spending. The irresistible force of millions of examples is to crowd the unusual, the abnormal, exception off the road.

One Sort of Liberty

THERE are still people who talk about liberty of contract as though it were an elemental human right. Only the other day it was conspicuously so mentioned in connection with a decision, by a lower court of New York, that a law limiting hours of factory labor by women was unconstitutional. The case will, of course, be appealed to the higher courts of that State, and probably to Washington. And it will finally be decided, as most constitutional cases are, according to the ideas and feeling of the last judges as to whether, in the main, such a law is or is not for the general good of society. Upon just that, in fact, the decision will finally turn, although it may contain ever so many learned references to the Constitution, liberty of contract and other legal furniture.

Laws limiting the hours of women's work in factories have been held constitutional by the courts of Massachusetts and Nebraska. A stricter law, limiting the hours to eight a day, was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of Illinois. It is as much an invasion on liberty of contract to prohibit a woman working over twelve hours as it is to prohibit her working over eight. Probably many courts would annul the one, on alleged constitutional grounds, and uphold the other—because the judges would feel that one was good for society and the other bad.

We should rather like to behold, from afar off, a society in which obtained that liberty of contract for which some constitutionalists and all anarchists so eloquently argue. Not many people would like to see it near at hand—not so near, for example, as Utah, where liberty of contract in the matter of marriage has been deemed hugely offensive by the rest of the nation.

The Last Resort

THE Chicago Turngemeinde and others of that city are renewing the agitation for postal savings-banks. This follows the peculiarly outrageous failure there of a savings-bank which operated under State supervision.

The case is typical. First, we let business of all sorts do as it pleases—to avoid the blight of "paternalism," and on an amiable theory that the enlightened selfishness of the managers will secure the most beneficial results to all concerned. Results follow that are grievously unbeneficial to many—as in the early lawless days of life insurance. Then the States begin to intervene. Often they do it incompetently; sometimes corruptly. When State intervention proves a failure, as in this Chicago case where thousands of poor depositors were robbed under the State's supervising nose, the victims turn to the Federal Government—not by preference, but as a last resort.

There has been no paternal intervention by Government in business affairs save as a protective step, the necessity of which had been amply demonstrated by private mismanagement. There has been no invasion of States' rights in this respect by the Federal power save where the States have clearly failed to protect their citizens. People of the Eastern States that have exercised a proper control over savings-banks are not petitioning Washington. But Illinois, like most Western States, refused to copy their sound example. Her politicians wouldn't offend the banks. She asserted only a timorous, apologetical, ineffectual sort of supervision over savings institutions, leaving the freest scope for private profits—and grand larceny. So her citizens are asking the Government to set up a strictly paternal system of postal-banks. The case is typical.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

One Man Who Can't be Lost

ONE way of becoming great and famous is to pick out a fine motto and live up to it. At least, all the millionaires and all the tremendous statesmen, when they are talking for the Sunday newspapers on "How to Succeed," say so. There is a suspicion in some quarters that, perhaps, this motto business is helped along some by the youth who puts the language of the millionaire or the statesman into English for the paper, but that is neither here nor there. The speakers, the advisers, father the idea, and that must make it right.

John F. Fitzgerald, of Boston, both great and famous, picked out his motto and lived up to it. He selected that hustling phrase: "You Can't Lose Me"—and now, behold! he is mayor of Boston. If that isn't an example of success, what is? Mayor of Boston! That, to paraphrase Oom Paul, is an honor to stagger humanity, or at least that part of humanity that lives outside of Boston. An earthquake wouldn't stagger Boston. They would gaze at it severely and send it back home.

There are many fine, old, crusted families living in Boston, families who got in, some of them, previous to the Pilgrims, by way of forehanded ancestors. Also, there are in Boston many fine, old, crusted families who came in later, mostly from Ireland, and who, though they haven't put so many of their descendants into the Mayflower Society, have done a great deal for Boston politics.

Three or four of the strong races that settled in this country are clannish to a degree incomprehensible to persons who have not studied their transplanted racial traits. They are for their own people for everything and against everybody. This may or may not be a good trait, but it is an exact condition, politically, and it has given rise to an industry that has been, and still is, very profitable; the industry of being a professional Irishman or a professional Scandinavian, and so on.

Take the professional Irishman. Every place where there are many Irish votes has a number of them. They work at it all day and all night. Nor is it hard. All it requires is a knowledge of the geography and history of Ireland, a glib tongue, an ability to blarney, and a scowl and an imprecation for the people who came from the County Antrim. "Ah, McGinnis! 'Tis glad I am t' see you, McGinnis. 'Tis a fine lad you have there, McGinnis. 'Twas well I knowed your father and all the family back on the ould sod, in Tipperary"—if it isn't Tipperary, it is Cork or Donegal, or somewhere else—"and McGinnis, all us Irish have to stand together, all us Tipperary men."

That's the patter, and with it goes membership in the A. O. H. and all those flourishing Irish societies through which these chaps try to get political preferment. A good many of them succeed, too, for Irishmen like to vote for an Irishman, just as Germans and Scandinavians like to vote for men of their blood. One who has succeeded is Fitzgerald. He is a professional Irishman, the best you ever saw. He'd have a law passed making the yelks of eggs green instead of yellow if he could, and as for the grass and the trees, they were so colored by Nature as a delicate compliment to the Irish flag.

Fitzgerald, with his acute knowledge of how to get and remain in the affections of his countrymen, selected that motto, "You Can't Lose Me," and the man isn't born who can lose him when it comes to permeating places that hold votes. He is ubiquitous. Anything from a christening to a funeral gets him, and as for picnics and dances and excursions and meetings and movements of all kinds, Fitzgerald is Number One on the list of honorary vice-presidents, Number One on the Committee on Reception and Entertainment, and Number One on the ground. Most of the crusted, old families of Boston say it isn't dignified. They are right. It is not dignified, but it is effectual, and all the dignity in the world cuts but a poor figure beside a place reasonably high up on the pay-roll and the perquisites and emoluments thereof.

MR. JOHN F. FITZGERALD
Number One on the List of Honorary Vice-Presidents

Fitzgerald is a snappy, little, bright-eyed chap, with a round, smiling face, a caressing handshake and a pleasant voice. He knows how to make a speech that will suit his audience. You never catch Fitzgerald straying off into abstruse speculation, or getting out of the beaten path. He is too wise for that. He knows all the stock phrases. When he gets up and says: "Ladies and gentlemen: It warms my heart to have the opportunity to appear before you this evening and say a few words to you, not as your mayor, but as your old fr-r-ri-end and neighbor. I can say to you (and you know I have always been an honest man)—I can say to you, without fear of contradiction, that two and two make fou-r-r-r-r." When he says that the people nudge one another and say: "Ain't he great? S-a-y! Just listen to that! Ain't he great?"

There never was a time in Boston when anything of importance was going on that Fitzgerald was not on the job. Lose him? You could no more lose him than you could lose the Ancient and Honorables, or the sacred codfish and the supernal bean. He has a remedy for every ill, a suggestion for every contingency, a speech for anything that occurs. Not many affairs are permitted to pass into history without the sweet music of the announcement: "The Honorable John F. Fitzgerald, Mayor of Boston, will now address you."

After Fitzgerald finished college it wasn't long before he hopped into politics. He had the name for it and the blood for it and the blarney for it. Everybody liked him, for he is a likable man, and, in the course of time, he was in the Massachusetts Senate. Then he went to Congress. He is a Democrat, and Congress was controlled by the Republicans when he was there, but the mere fact that he was one of a minority did not feaze him. He soon discovered that the way to appear to do something in Congress is always to be ready to buzz. If there was a tag-end five minutes on somebody's time, Fitzgerald gratefully took it and talked. If anybody had a resolution to introduce, Fitzgerald introduced it. He and John Wesley Gaines vied with one another in the gentle pastime of getting their names in the Congressional Record.

This is the formula: An imposing statesman is making an imposing speech on an imposing subject, say the River and Harbor Bill. He has just announced some great truth. Up jumps Fitzgerald: "Mr. Speaker, I should like to ask the gentleman a question."

"Does the gentleman yield for a question from the gentleman from Massachusetts?" booms the Speaker.

"Certainly: with pleasure."

"Now, Mr. Speaker, I should like to have the gentleman tell me if it is not a fact that, when the water on one side of a breakwater is twenty feet deep and the water on the other side is ten feet deep, that does not mean that the water is deeper on one side than on the other; for, Mr. Speaker, I have always held that the tariff on raw material is the most iniquitous measure ever conceived by an American Congress ——" and so on, until the man who is making the speech protests, and Fitzgerald, and the others who like to do that sort of thing, sit down flushed and triumphant.

"Say," said a Boston man, "you could not beat him in those days. He would take the afternoon train for Washington, go into Congress the next noon, get his name in the Record five or six times, and take the afternoon train for home and get there the next morning, with a loss of but one day and a reputation for being the watch-dog of everybody's interests."

Finally, they did beat him, after he had been in Congress for six years, which was more than the usual time allotted to Boston statesmen in those districts where many are hungry to serve their country. He left public life joyously and bought a weekly newspaper, political and religious and Irish. He conducted that skillfully, for he has a good business head and writes well. There came a contest for the nomination for mayor. He won that. Then he went out and stumped Boston from end to end. He had been raised with these people. He knew them. He tore up and down and crossways, and he spoke morning, noon and night. He won again.

While he was mayor-elect he decided he must investigate other municipalities. He wanted to make Boston "Busier, Bigger and Better." That was his platform. He went to New York and investigated for two days. He discovered that New York is larger than Boston, because, principally, there are more people and more buildings there. "Boston must be Bigger, Busier and Better," he said.

Boston, big enough, busy enough and bad enough for all practical purposes, demurred.

"Why," the citizens asked, "must we be bigger? Why must we be busier? Why must we be better?"

"Because I am mayor," was Fitzgerald's reply.

They will never lose Fitzgerald. When he is done with the mayoralty he will get something else. Boston might as well reconcile herself to that fact, even if she does not get busier, bigger and better.

The Hall of Fame

¶ Representative Harvey Garber, of Ohio, was a telegraph operator when he was a young man.

¶ Charles S. Francis, editor of the Troy Times and now Ambassador from this country to Austria, was one of the members of the original Cornell crew and was single-sculls champion for some time.

¶ John Mitchell, head of the National Mine Workers' Union, and President Roosevelt are great friends. When Mitchell is in Washington he goes to the White House, and he and the President have long discussions on labor affairs.

¶ Representative Longworth, son-in-law of the President, and his friend Representative Lucius Littauer, of New York, are the two baldest men in Congress.

¶ Elbert Hubbard, the lecturer and writer, always carries a little black bag with him and refuses to get his hair cut. The long hair is the sign of genius, and the little black bag is the sign that once in a while there arises a genius—note the sign of the hair—who is practical in business matters.

Barrington Hall

Sample Can Free
(See Coupon)

Now Prepared in Both Our New York and Minneapolis Establishments

Even though you may be blessed with a constitution that permits the use of ordinary coffee, this is no reason why you should not enjoy Barrington Hall, which combines the good qualities of other coffee with a purity and wholesomeness all its own. A coffee that is used today by thousands who are now liberated from the use of tasteless cereal coffee substitutes

Barrington Hall is just pure coffee of high quality, prepared by our patented process. The coffee berries, after roasting, are cut by knives of steel into fine uniform particles, and from it is removed the yellow tannin-bearing skin always heretofore left in ground coffee, tending to impair it in both flavor and wholesomeness.

This cutting does not disturb the little oil cells, as does the grinding and mashing of older methods, and the essential oil (food product) does not evaporate. Therefore, one pound of Barrington Hall will make 15 to 20 cups more of pure full strength coffee than would the same coffee ground in a coffee mill. It excels all other coffees in flavor and will keep perfectly until used.

The main thing about Barrington Hall is: it can be used without ill effect by those who find that ordinary coffee injures them, because it is possible to make from its small, even, refined particles a cup of coffee free from the objection which eminent medical authorities agree comes from over-steeping the smaller particles in unevenly ground coffee, as also from the tannin-bearing skin and dust left in coffee ground in a coffee mill.

Price 35 to 40 cents per pound according to locality. If your grocer will not supply you there are others who will be glad to do so. Let us tell you where to get it.

CAUTION—Baker's Barrington Hall is the only genuine Steel-Cut Coffee. Avoid so-called imitations. We roast, steel-cut and pack in Sealed Tins by machinery at our factories.

To the Grocery Trade

We do not aim to sell to every dealer, but we are placing Barrington Hall Coffee with one good firm in every locality. If you are not now handling it, and do not conflict with agencies already established, send us a trial order. We will ship the coffee, pay the freight, and give you 60 days to find out that it will hold the class of people that you want as customers. If you cannot sell it, return it at our expense. You need not hesitate or explain. We make this offer, because we know the enthusiasm with which Barrington Hall has been received from Maine to California. This advertising is appearing in McClure's, The Ladies' Home Journal, Munsey's, Everybody's, Review of Reviews, Cosmopolitan, The Saturday Evening Post and other high-class periodicals. Responsible grocers are invited to write us regarding exclusive territory for Barrington Hall.

...CUT OFF OR COPY THIS COUPON...

Address nearest point

BAKER & CO.,
Coffee Importers
246 N. 2nd Street, Minneapolis Minn
116 Hudson Street, New York N Y

Please send free sample of Barrington Hall Coffee. I give herewith my grocer's name (or name of this magazine in the margin).

My own address is

Getting On in the World

STEPS AND MISSTEPS ON THE ROAD TO FORTUNE

How William Held His Job

THERE is always plenty of advice floating around on how to get a job, but I'd like to see more suggestions on how to hold one. I shall always admire William for the way he managed *his* present position.

In those days William was Bill, and editor of a trade-journal. He had little trouble landing the job originally. A certain big corporation needed an advertising manager. It was not the sort of corporation that advertises for one in the Sunday papers. Bill just put his ear to the ground and listened, and found out what they needed, and went up and had a talk. They considered the matter for a week. Then Bill went to work.

He had little difficulty getting in, but when he *did* get in he found this job he'd landed was a good deal bigger than he'd imagined. The company was young, and had started about six years before with its product in a very small way, the mainsprings of the business being two brothers. These brothers had worked nights, Sundays, holidays, until the product got going so big that they eventually capitalized it up in the tens of millions, one brother being president, the other vice-president. They had built a good deal on advertising. The vice-presidential brother had been the soul of this advertising—he wrote it, superintended the display and pictures, picked out the publications, and everything. Now he was going higher up. Bill was to take his place. They had liked Bill because he was not the hustler type of advertising "expert" and gave him a trial.

Bill was a little scared at the very bigness of his chance. The product was something that appealed to people of more than ordinary education, and, at the beginning, he had to read up on a line of thought that he'd funked in college. He had to go about, too, and get acquainted with the sales-forces at several branches, and study processes in a half-dozen factories planted down wherever the brothers had found room for them in growing. In a few months it was necessary to learn as much as the younger brother had learned in growing up with the business, and at the same time turn out advertising copy as fast as he had turned it out.

If you could have seen this younger brother, you'd understand better what Bill was up against—a little man, not over five feet five, weighing a hundred and twenty pounds, but a bundle of nervous energy, working like an electric vibrator until his wife had to come down to the office with a doctor and carry him off to the woods. Bill was twice as big, but at the start had only half the speed. It took him only a short time to see that he had a job too big for one man to hold. And when he found this out, he decided that if one man couldn't fill the place, then two could, or three if necessary.

He said nothing to the brothers, but from the first silently gave them to understand that no matter how much work they diverted his way, it would always be done, and done on time. Handicapped by lack of knowledge, it was impossible for him to write the advertising as fast as it was needed. So, being an editor, he picked out a man he knew, coached him, gave him outlines of stuff to write, and paid him out of his own salary. This second man was never seen around the place. He talked with Bill nights, and his work came in by mail.

This took half of Bill's salary, but he says, since that, he would have paid the other half to a third man if necessary that first year, and considered it well invested. Within six months he had matters more thoroughly in hand, and the pace did not tell so greatly. By the end of the year, which had been roughly set as his period of probation, he was not only doing as much work as the vice-president had ever done himself, but had taken the bit, too, and was originating policies of his own.

Bill had a brief spell of stage-fright and nervous anticipation when the year was drawing to a close. But the brothers called him into the office one day and insisted that he must sign a long contract, and have more salary, and also an assistant, and admitted that several times during the year they had wondered how in thunder he turned out all the work.

What Bill had landed as a job he'd nursed into a position.

William is now a stockholder in that corporation. —*J. H. C.*

Lame Salesmen

PERSONS who walk on crutches, or who are even only slightly lame, labor under a great handicap in most business pursuits. Men and women so afflicted have, as a rule, great difficulty in securing employment. It is not often that a premium is put upon such a deformity, but the following advertisement recently appeared in a metropolitan newspaper:

"WANTED—bookkeeper; must be lame; short leg essential requirement; steady position and liberal salary to the right party."

At the address given, a man with a short leg and a patent steel-crutch received all inquirers.

"It's a simple scheme," he explained. "You see, I am the head of this firm. We make shoes for cripples. We have to have lame people to sell them. It's like setting a wooden duck in the water. First thing you know there are a lot of real ducks flocking around. When a lame man or woman comes here for a job as bookkeeper, we simply hire them to travel and sell goods. We have lots of them on the road, working on salary and commission, and the more we can get, the better.

"Put a lame woman into a strange town, and, before you know it, she's got the confidence of every other lame woman in the place. There is a sort of camaraderie among lame folks, I guess; just the way there is among other people who have something in common."

A Penny Saved

AS A STENOGRAPHER I often deplored the fact that, after a typewriter ribbon had been used for some time, it became faded and had to be thrown away to be replaced by a new one.

I wondered if there was not some way to utilize these ribbons, as their cost varies from seventy-five cents to a dollar and even more, and the outlay for them amounts to a great deal for firms employing large numbers of stenographers and typewriters.

At last I hit upon the following scheme: Taking a quart-jar, I place a worn ribbon in it and cover it with rainwater. After letting it stand for several days, I found that it made an excellent ink—equal to almost any first-class ink on the market. This means a big saving every year in the ink-bill at our office.

The same ribbon can be used several times in making this ink, and the ink will always be found to flow smoothly from the pen. Of course, the color of the ink will depend upon the color of ribbon used—black, red, green or blue. —*A. E. H.*

Savory Soups--

RICH, meaty, wholesome, satisfying and palate-tempting—soups that nourish and delight, without overheating—are best made with

Armour's EXTRACT of BEEF

Armour's Extract imparts a tempting aroma and flavor—gives zest and snap to *every* soup creation!

The reason so many soups are weak, watery, tasteless, insipid, is because they lack the flavory, savory quality that Armour's Beef Extract supplies.

* * *

Armour's Extract of Beef is the best extract of the best beef—a pure, wholesome, concentrated stock packed in convenient jars for household use.

* * *

It is invaluable to the housewife not only as a rich and appetizing addition to soups, sauces and gravies, but in restoring the original juices and flavor to recooked meats, and giving vegetables a snap and flavor obtained in no other way.

* * *

A delightful compromise between a hot meal, cooked in discomfort and an all-cold repast, is an appetizing soup, easily prepared over a quick fire, followed by cold meats, salads, etc

Try this for tomorrow's dinner:

Cream of Celery Soup

One cup of stock made from Armour's Extract of Beef
3 cups celery, cut in inch pieces
2 cups boiling water
1 slice of onion
2 tablespoonfuls flour
2 cups of milk
2 tablespoonfuls butter
Salt and pepper

* * *

For directions for preparing see "CULINARY WRINKLES," our little cook book written by Mrs. Ida M. Palmer. It tells of scores of appetizing ways in which Armour's Extract may be used. Mailed free on request.

Armour & Company
CHICAGO

JAP-A-LAC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A STAIN AND VARNISH COMBINED

Fifteen beautiful colors and Natural or Clear. ¶ The most perfect household beautifier on the market. There is a color for everything about the house from cellar to garret. The cost of JAP-A-LAC is a trifle, considering its wonderful effect upon dilapidated or scuffed furniture, or anything of wood or metal you may have.

JAP=A=LAC

applied to

HARD OR SOFT WOOD FLOORS

will produce a finish as smooth and beautiful as a looking glass. It is the most durable floor finish made. It is as hard as flint and "wears like iron." ¶ During the summer, dust and dirt are carried or blown into the house and ground into the floors. Floors should be JAP-A-LAC-ED every fall and spring. If you will start today JAP-A-LAC-ING your floors, you will never let a season go by without going over them with JAP-A-LAC. ¶ JAP-A-LAC is especially made for use by the housewife. You can JAP-A-LAC your floors as easily, and much more cheaply than anyone else. JAP-A-LAC will save money and produce an effect that cannot be detected from the finest finish of the most experienced expert. ¶ It is a positive pleasure to JAP-A-LAC—the beautiful finish produced will gratify your sense of an apparently difficult job well and easily done,—you will become enthusiastic over it you will find a new channel for saving a few dollars which you can use to advantage in some other way. ¶ Take a look at your floors—see if they cannot be improved—try JAP-A-LAC on one floor—you will find it so easy, that you will not stop until all of your floors look as they did when they were first laid and finished.

All sizes, 15c to $2.50. For sale by Paint, Hardware and Drug Dealers.

COLORS of JAP-A-LAC

FLAT WHITE	OAK	GROUND
DEAD BLACK	BLUE	WALNUT
GLOSS WHITE	GOLD	DARK OAK
OX BLOOD RED	CHERRY	ALUMINUM
BRILLIANT BLACK	NATURAL	MAHOGANY

MALACHITE GREEN

USES for JAP-A-LAC

WIRE SCREENS	CHAIRS	ANDIRONS
REFRIGERATORS	TABLES	LINOLEUM
PORCH FURNITURE	FLOORS	CHANDELIERS
WICKER FURNITURE	RANGES	PLATE RACKS
INTERIOR WOODWORK	RADIATORS	PICTURE FRAMES

WEATHER-BEATEN DOORS

A Warning Against the Dealer who Substitutes

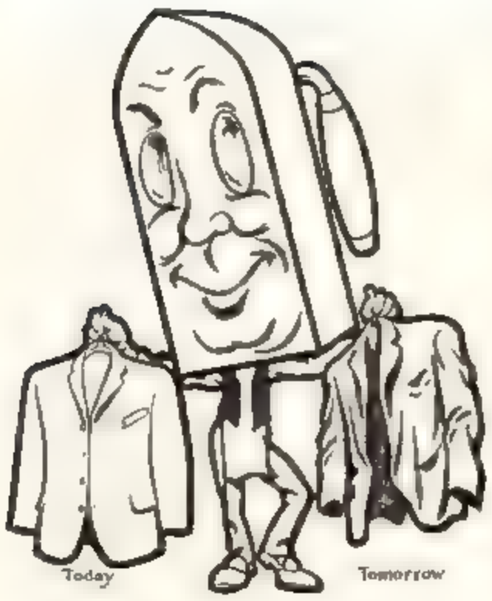
Do you realize that when you go to a dealer's store to buy an article you have seen advertised, you go there to spend your money? If you do, does it not seem strange to you that a dealer or one of his clerks should assume you are not capable of spending YOUR OWN money for the article you asked for, by telling you that you really DON'T WANT IT, but want something else? Trade with the dealer who gives you what you ASK for—that's JAP-A-LAC.

If YOUR dealer does not keep JAP-A-LAC send us his name and 10 cts. (except for Gold which is 25c to cover cost of mailing) and we will send a FREE Sample (½ pint can) to any point in the United States.

Write for beautiful, illustrated booklet and interesting color card. FREE for the asking.

The Glidden Varnish Co.

Address Dept. S-9
911 Rockefeller Bldg.
Cleveland
Ohio



Against Hypocritical Clothes

By A. Taylor-Cutler.

A SOFT metal knife needs constant sharpening!

It costs four times as much to *keep* such a knife sharp as it would have cost to put harder steel into the blade when first manufactured.

Now, *that's* a fair comparison with Clothes that are shaped, in the making, by the *hot Flat-iron*, instead of being shaped in the making by costly *hand-needle-work*.

Because, a garment shaped to its finish by sincere hand-needle-work will *hold* its shape till worn out, with very infrequent "pressing-up."

But the garment that has been shaped by the hot Flat-iron will need *constant reshaping*, by the same process of pressing, after each day's wear in damp weather.

It is safe to say that about 80 per cent. of all Coats and Overcoats are merely *juggled* into shape by the hot Flat-iron.

And these *look* as well the *first* day you wear them as the most painstaking and skillful *needlework* could make them look.

But, there's a tremendous difference in the *permanence* of shape produced by the two different processes.

Moreover, the Garment that is *fully-shaped* by clever and careful hand-needle-work will *wear* much longer than if shaped by the usual quick and easy Flat-iron faking.

Because, the hand-needle-work adds *strength* to the cloth, at the critical places where *most strain* comes, viz.—at the points where the cloth must be *stretched*, or *shrunken*, in order to give it the proper *curving* lines to fit the body.

That's where Sincerity tailoring counts, viz.—in *durability*.

But, more than this—a little *extra* needle-shaping on a Coat, in the making, will save its Wearer many "pressings" during the life of the garment.

It's the soft metal knife blade, and the hard metal knife blade Story all over again.

Now, if *you* want your Clothes to look *smart* till worn out, and if you *don't* want to pay half their original cost to *keep* them *looking smart*, through everlasting "pressing-up," *here* are some facts worth remembering.

Every "Sincerity" Suit or Overcoat, as made by Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Co., is *fully-finished* by thorough *hand-needle-work, before* it is even touched by the hot Flat-iron.

Every defect in workmanship is *permanently removed by the needle* (instead of being temporarily *concealed* by the faky Flat-iron) before it receives the responsible label of the "Sincerity" Tailors.

If you want an absolute *Test* to reveal *Flat-iron faking*, which test you can apply to any coat *before* purchasing, enclose a two-cent stamp to Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Co., Chicago, for it.

And don't you forget this label:

SINCERITY CLOTHES
MADE AND GUARANTEED BY
KUH, NATHAN AND FISCHER CO.
CHICAGO

Sense and Nonsense

Stopping the Postman

THE Post-Office Department will in the future require every owner of a box on a rural free-delivery route to hoist a signal of some kind when the receptacle contains mail-matter, in order that the carrier shall be warned. There are now about thirty-eight thousand rural free-delivery routes, and on each of them is an average of fifty boxes—on many there are hundreds. It is obviously undesirable that the carriers should lose their time in opening boxes that contain no mail; hence the adoption of the expedient in question.

Notice of the intention of the authorities to promulgate such an order having been given some months ago, quite a number of contrivances for use as signals have already been offered by inventive persons to the Post-Office Department. Some of them are little flags, of metal or other material, which are automatically hoisted when anything is put into the box and the receptacle is closed. When the box is opened the signal falls. In some cases it is merely a disk that shows.

Having taken the mail, the carrier, if he has anything to deliver, puts it in and closes the box again, thus elevating the signal. In this way, without being obliged to investigate, the farmer knows whether or not there are any letters for him. The device is a saving of trouble to him as well as to the postman.

Boxes corresponding to certain specifications are required to be used by people on rural routes, and of such receptacles no fewer than two hundred and ninety-nine different styles have been approved by the Post-Office Department, varying in price from fifty cents to four dollars apiece. The farmer may, however, construct his own box, if it is a proper one.

Half-a-dozen years ago, in the early days of the system, the farmers were allowed to use boxes of any sort, and some of the receptacles employed were very curious—for example, oil-cans, powder-cans, cracker-boxes, cigar-boxes, and even boot-legs. But a good deal of trouble resulted, chiefly owing to damage to mail in such receptacles, and so regulations governing the matter were adopted.

An Aërial Automobile

SHORTLY before Maude Adams closed her year's run on Broadway in Barrie's fairy play, Peter Pan, she called on a theatrical friend and was shown two Italian picture post-cards from Clyde Fitch, briefly describing a pair of automobile accidents, each of which nearly ended the dramatist's life. His first motor car, it should be said, he called Carrie Cadillac. His second was Lizzie Locomobile. For the present tour on the Continent he has rented a car which he called Pauline Panhard. It was Pauline who did the damage.

The first post-card was from Viterbo, and read:

"We were nearly killed yesterday, skidding off a hilltop. Saved by a ledge and pulled back in three hours by four big white bulls."

The second was from Rome, a week later: "Have had a fearful auto accident. Three in back thrown out. I got concussion of the brain, my face cut open from forehead to chin, and my right side strained and cut. Four days ago. To-day am much better. Wounds healing. Use my legs. Walked out, and hope to go on to Perugia by Saturday with what is left of me."

During the reading Miss Adams, who is an old friend of Mr. Fitch's, was the picture of anxious sympathy. But when it came to the happy ending a slow, reminiscent smile spread upon her face.

"There!" she exclaimed at last. "That was all because he didn't take my advice. I told him he ought to have named his French car Peter Pan-hard. Peter wouldn't have upset. And if he did it would have been all right, for Peter could fly."

A Burning Topic

ONE of the old Cunard Line commanders was Captain Cook, who had the reputation of being the gruffest captain who ever sailed the seas.

He was a great seaman, but he held it to be his duty to navigate his ship and not talk to the passengers. If any passenger tried to get him into conversation, Captain Cook usually passed by without noticing the climber. At other times he would give a grunt that meant "Good-morning"—or something like that.

The passengers, on a trip across, were greatly surprised, after two days out, to see one of their number, who had stopped in the main companionway to light a cigar, in animated conversation with the Captain. They made a pool on what the talk was about.

The passenger who had been honored strolled into the smoking-room soon after his epochal experience, and sat down. He was at once surrounded by the passengers who had made the pool.

"Been talking with the Captain?" they said.

"Oh, yes, I had a talk with him."

"What was it?" asked the excited bettors. "What did he say? We have made a pool on it. How did he come to talk with you?"

"Well," said the highly-honored passenger, "it was this way: I had just lighted my cigar, and as the Captain came along I said: 'A very good-morning to you, Captain.'"

"Yes, yes—but what did he say? What was his reply?"

"He said"—and the proud passenger puffed out his chest in conscious pride—"He said: 'Blast your eyes! what are you smoking in the main companionway for?'"

Misrepresentative Women

Dame Rumor

I should like to remark that Dame Rumor
Is the most unalluring of jades;
She has little or no sense of humor,
And her fables are worse than George Ade's—
(Or rather, I mean, if the reader prefers,
That the fables of Ade are much *better* than hers).

Her appearance imbues one with loathing,
From her jaundiced, malevolent eyes
To the tinsel she cares to call clothing,
Which is merely a patchwork of lies.
For her garments are such that a child could see through,
And her blouse (need I add?) is the famed Peek-a-boo!

She is wholly devoid of discretion,
She is utterly wanting in tact,
She's a gossip by trade and profession,
And she much prefers fiction to fact.
She is seldom veracious, and always unkind,
And she flits to and fro with the speed of the wind.

With a step that is silent and stealthy,
Or an earsplitting clamor and noise,
She disturbs the repose of the wealthy,
Or the peace that the pauper enjoys;
And, however securely the doors may be shut,
She can always gain access to palace or hut.

Where the spinsters at tea are collected,
Her arrival is hailed with delight;
She is welcomed, adored and respected
In each newspaper office at night;
For her presence imprints an original seal
On an otherwise commonplace journal or meal.

She has nothing in common with Virtue,
And with Truth she was never allied;
If she hasn't yet managed to hurt you,
It can't be from not having tried!
For the poison of adders is under her tongue,
And you're lucky indeed if you've never been stung.

Are you statesman, or author, or artist,
With a perfectly blameless career?
Are your talents and wits of the smartest,
And your conscience abnormally clear?
"He's a saint!" says Dame Rumor, and smiles like the Sphinx.
"He's a hero!" She adds: "What a pity he drinks!"

Gentle Reader, keep clear of her clutches!
Oh, beware of her voice, I entreat!
Be you journalist, dowager duchess,
Or just merely the Man-in-the-Street.
And I beg of you not to encourage a jade
Who when once she is started can never be stayed!

— Harry Graham.

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IT illustrates and describes over 100 of the latest styles of suits and coats now being worn in New York.

It explains how we can make at remarkably low prices any of these handsome designs to your order from measurements taken at home.

We carry over 450 varieties of the most fashionable fabrics, designed for this season's wear. Samples sent free.

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We prepay express charges on these garments to any part of the U. S., which means a big saving to you.

We Send Free to any part of the United States our new Fall Book of New York Fashions showing the latest styles and containing our Copyrighted [illegible] cloth, also a large assortment of samples of the new cloak materials. **WRITE TO-DAY; you will receive them by return mail**

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Not a bit in price
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BRAND
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have proven their supremacy. Made of linen—four ply—and with that style and care which is put into the highest grade twenty-five cents linen collars. They are actually the twenty-five cents quality in style, fit and wear, at

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LONDON TOWN BRAND LINEN COLLARS launder well because they are collar-shrunk (not pre-shrunk) by the LONDON TOWN PROCESS.

If your dealer can not supply you with the twenty-five cents style Linen Collars [illegible] "Grey Friar," an unfinished collar of a [illegible] excellence.

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This fancy tea-ball (shown here in reduced size) is heavy weight, sterling silver, well made, and would be a unique, distinctive wedding gift. We will send it to any address and guarantee safe delivery on receipt of the price, $4.

Our catalog is beautifully illustrated. It includes [illegible] silver pieces, many of the newest and most [illegible] watches, jewelry and [illegible]. We are glad to send it free on request.

The Warren Mansfield Co.
Gold and Silver Smiths
243 Middle St., Portland, Maine. Actual height of ball is 1⅝ in.

A SQUARE DEAL For Cigar Smokers

There are *three* things necessary to the *production* of the best cigars:

FIRST: The knowing how — that's knowledge;
SECOND: The necessary facilities — that's equipment;
THIRD: Wanting to do it — that's disposition.

That's *our* part.

There is *one* thing necessary to the *purchase* of the best cigars:

Look for the "Triangle A" when you buy.

That's *your* part.

These **four** factors give you a SQUARE DEAL with every cigar purchase.

The "▲" (Triangle A) is the keynote.

MERIT MARK

Look! for this merit mark when you buy cigars, whatever the brand name

Find! In this "▲" definite assurance of honest cigar values, wherever you buy

Evolution in any business invariably meets with the noisy opposition of selfish interests.

The processes evolved by the American Cigar Company and the equipment which has brought about the remarkable improvement in cigar quality signified by the "▲" (Triangle A) are *exclusive* with this Company. These new methods are beyond the knowledge and facilities of any other manufacturer.

The "▲" (Triangle A) marks the *better* cigar values. On the actual quality *you find* in the cigars it identifies our immense business must stand or fall. To misrepresent the quality of any "▲" cigars, or to make them anything less than the best cigar values in cigar stores, would be fatal to our best interests.

The poor cigar of any other manufacturer only kills the selling possibilities of that one brand. The same thing among Triangle A brands would hurt our whole business

But we know that cigars identified with the "▲" (Triangle A) are the best cigar values produced by any manufacturer in America today. And we're proud to bring them right up front, proclaim them as our product by stamping every box with our "▲" merit mark—and ask you to judge them strictly on their merits as the best cigars you can buy.

Among "▲" (Triangle A) brands there are cigars to suit every individual's taste. There are different blends of different characteristics to meet every requirement of American smokers. If *one* cigar does not happen to suit *you* be reasonable enough not to blame the *quality* because the *blend* is not to your own liking

Try "▲" (Triangle A) brands until you find the one you like best.

Then you can be sure the quality and blend will remain the same indefinitely. And when your taste changes try other blends in other brands marked by the "▲" and be assured of honest cigar values as long as you smoke.

"▲" (Triangle A) brands offer the widest obtainable range of choice and absolutely dependable quality in whatever brand suits your taste. The list is so long that only a few of the more prominent can be mentioned here.

The New Cremo (Victorias), Anna Held, George W. Childs (Cabinets), Buck, Spanaflora, Tanta, Suckney's New Tariff, Cubanola. The Continental, Chancellor, Caswell Club. The Unico, Benefactor, Captain Marryat, Roxboro, General Braddock, Orlando. Also the Palma De Cuba and Isle of Pines

They are identified everywhere by the "▲" (Triangle A) stamped on the box. You are safe in buying any brand so distinguished. They are all the product of scientific methods and offer better value than any other cigars in the stores

American Cigar Company, Manufacturer

Cook's Linoleum

BROADLY speaking there are two ways of making **Inlaid Linoleum:**

(1.) By cutting out the patterns with dies and piecing them together. This means joints likely to break around every pattern, and depressed lines to catch dust, water and disease germs.

(2.) The other method—Cook's—is by **moulding** the patterns together in one entire piece, without a joint or depression anywhere.

Which kind of Inlaid Linoleum, think you, will wear the longest, and is the most sanitary?

And in **Printed Linoleum,** Cook's is superior, because being more pliable the pattern is not so likely to crack or chip.

In buying either Inlaid or Printed Linoleum look for the name on the back—

Cook's Linoleum

Before you go to the store to buy linoleum, write for **"Linoleum Book G,"** illustrating the newest patterns and explaining how to select the quality best suited for the purpose for which you want to use it.

Cook's Decora

[illegible] original washable wall-paper will [illegible] hygienic, artistic and [illegible]. Write for booklet *"Waterproof Wall Coverings."*

Trenton Oil Cloth and Linoleum Co.
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This Thirty Million Dollar Bank pays 4%

interest on savings deposits of a dollar or more. No safer bank in this country.

Capital - $2,500,000.00
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MOTSINGER DEVICE MFG CO
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THE SHAME OF THE COLLEGES

(Continued from Page 15)

and his gun-barrel. So he polished until the metal implements shone in the dark. Then there entered another Yearling.

"You lazy beast!" he said. "You haven't polished that gun-barrel at all. It looks like a length of rusty stovepipe."

Dawn found the conscientious Prodigy still rubbing away at the yielding metal, until at last he sank down with a moan of despair. Again the spike-toothed Yearling entered. He picked up the gun of the sleeping Plebe and examined it cynically. He was about to tell the boy to wake up and get to polishing when he noticed something which stayed his hasty words—the poor child had polished a hole through the gun-barrel!

Military education under Government Ownership cultivates the soldier and neglects the soul. I can imagine a West Point graduate figuring in logarithms how to drop a shell on a position three miles away—and guessing right nine times out of ten. But I cannot imagine him quoting nice appropriate Greek as Leonidas did at Thermopylæ, or as giving neat passages from Gray's Elegy as Wolfe did beneath the cliffs of Quebec. It fills me with embarrassment to think that we are not able to compete with other nations in this—that our heroes are obliged to face the cannon with no prettier ammunition than homely Nebraska oaths. They discharged Edgar Allan Poe from West Point not, as has been commonly alleged, because of his continued disorderly conduct, but because they feared to rear a General who might pause in the scorch and singe of battle to write another stanza to Ulalume, and thus spoil everything. And yet what can be more graceful than a quotation from Keats or Rossetti poked into the very cannon's mouth? And if a hero doesn't happen to be good at extempore selections, how hard it must be for him to die without, at least, giving utterance to something of Browning's!

But the humane has been sacrificed to the technical at the Academy, and the average cadet knows nothing about contemporary literature. He thinks that Rudyard Kipling wrote the Helmet of Navarre and confuses Gertrude Atherton with Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The Tactical Officers, who are variously known among the cadets as "Taca," "Cuckoos" and "Quilla," prowl about the cadet barracks at disagreeable hours intent upon discovering some evil-doer in the act of dishonoring the Regulations. The Secret Police are not more crafty in their approach, more gleeful in their discoveries. At odd hours these soldierly Sherlocks will swoop down upon the room of the sleeping Plebe, shake from his laundry-bag forbidden cigarettes, chewing-gum, chocolate and beer-bottles, rummage his closets for disordered linen and poke up the flue for hidden articles of damnation. In the case of one Plebe I knew, the Tac gouged the chimney until he loosened a foreign object which came tumbling down into the room. He examined it and found it to be a lavender volume of Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

"How is this, sir?" said the officer severely. "Is this a textbook?"

"No, sir," quavered the Plebe, sitting up in bed and saluting.

"Well, if this man Rossetti never wrote a textbook on calculus or artillery-practice he is against the Regulations. You are at West Point to dance, drill and work a cannon."

As a punishment for his indiscretion, this Plebe was sentenced to pace two hours daily, every day for a week, up and down, gun on shoulder, in front of the guard-house. The exercise ranked him as an "area-bird" and gave him much honor among his companions.

This same Plebe was an interesting case of Poetry crushed by Militarism. His name was Algernon Swinburne Beaker and he came of a Southern family renowned in peace and war. But his mother, the beautiful widow Beaker, longed to encourage her boy in the Arts, so she taught him to paint on china and to tease Schubert's Serenade from the depths of an ancient and honorable pianoforte. When he was taken down with versification, she sat up nights with him reading from the Endymion and Pippa Passes. He grew so proficient in poesy that he could write a sonnet of almost any length on a moment's notice.

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Designed for men of fash[illegible]
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$5.00 [illegible] with legal written guarantee or contract. Send [illegible] Permanently Cures Spavin, Thoroughpin, Ringbone, Curb, Spunt, Capped Hock, Windpuff, Shoe Boil, Injured Tendons and all Lameness [illegible] Troy Chemical Company, Binghamton, N. Y.

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25 cts Valuable reference map in full colors, on heavy paper, 42 x 64 inches, [illegible] edges, [illegible] Shows [illegible] Oceans, railways [illegible] Japan, China, Manchuria, Korea and the Far East. Sent on receipt of 25 cents in stamps.

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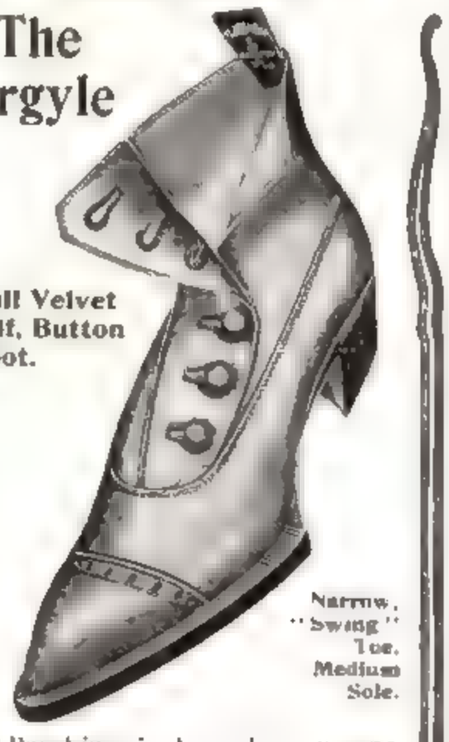

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Think of a fountain pen being filled instantly by the pressure of the thumb. Actually over as much ink as a well. If you ever [illegible] fountain pen [illegible] you have [illegible] Conklin's Self-Filling Pen [illegible] and you will [illegible] Agents wanted [illegible]

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And At Least $5.- Per Cow Over All Imitating Separators, While They Last

From Two to Ten Times Longer Than Any Other Kind Do.

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THE DE LAVAL SEPARATOR CO.
74 Cortlandt Street, NEW YORK.
Canal & Randolph Sts., CHICAGO
Over 5,000 Branches and Local Agencies

While he was engaged in his great work, Phantasmagoria, his grandfather stepped in and said to his mother:

"Algernon's almost eighteen years old. He's not practical enough to go into business; he's not diplomatic enough for the ministry; he's not quarrelsome enough for the law. His poetry is too good to sell, he hates farming, and the thought of hard work makes him ill. He doesn't seem suitable for any ordinary career; so I reckon we'll have to try to get him into West Point."

Algernon succeeded in his examinations beyond his wildest fears, so he was admitted to the Academy. The night before he left home he went over the opening lines of his Phantasmagoria, which he would complete during the leisure hours of his soldiering. The poem, in opening, observed:

The wooing wind, imperfect as the ember
Of Spring's enwrapped, unreasoning despair,
Sighs to the cleaving eglantine, "Remember!
Only the ghost of ecstasy is there!
For what is Love, fore'dained to cooler fading,
On falsest fanes of fancied faeree?
Life merely laughs, a mocker masquerading ——
Alas for me!"

It is probably just as well that Algy broke off when he did.

When the poet was in Beast Barracks, his Yearling tormentors shouted: "Algernon Swinburne—Oh, truffles! Your name's Hot Dog—d'ye see? Hot Dog Beaker." So "Hot Dog" he remained even to his "shave-tail" days in the Regular Army. He put off his poem during the months of his Plebe year, because, when he was not actively engaged in fagging, fighting, being hazed, drilled, examined, water-cured and ballyragged, he was "walking the area" in punishment for smoking cigarettes, which he called "skags," and chewing tobacco, which he learned to term "brown." During his second year he whipped a very large cadet, made the football team and became the class bully. When he wrote to his mother he said:

"I have to spend a great deal of my time boning for exes for fear I shall make a cold fess and a fellow doesn't want to be the goat in his class, you know. Then the O. D. and the Tac are always peering from the poop-deck of the guard-house, trying to find some area-bird for the skin-list. (I hope this is all plain to you, mother, as I am writing in the language of the Academy.) They call me a 'hopoid' because I go to the dances, and a 'spoonoid' because I gave the girls along Flirtation Walk most of the buttons off my dress coat last week. No, I haven't entirely given up poetry. I have just written a song for the fellows to sing at the Old Battery down by the river."

I give herewith carefully-selected stanzas from "the song for the fellows to sing," not because I indorse its sentiments, but because I wish to submit to my readers positive proof of the degeneration in Algernon's English style under the Government Ownership system.

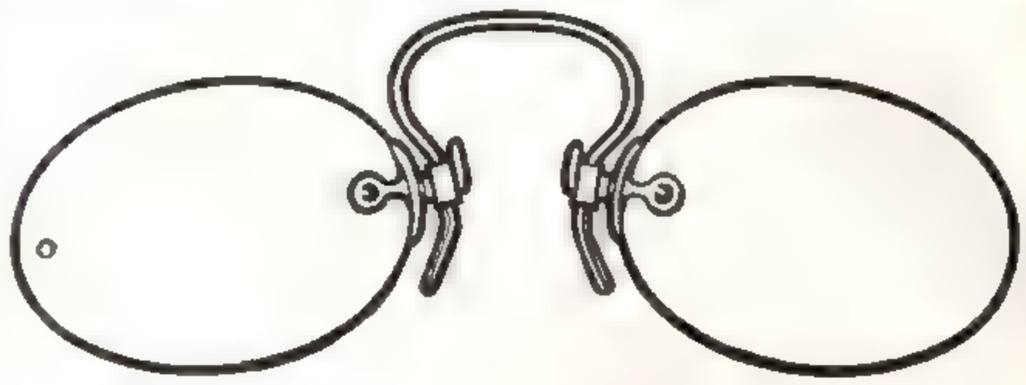
Good-by, good-by to the West Point sky,
Good-by to the West Point girl-oh!
I am going a while for to live in style
And to have my months of furlough.
No more the tum of the Hell Cats' drum
Will come with the dawn to wake me;
For I'm going to snooze just as long as I choose
And never a Tac to shake me.

So it's *rick-tick-tick* and it's double quick
For a ticket to Kalamazoo;
Yes, the poor Cadet has his row to sweat
Ere he walks in the Army Blue.

I've swung the broom in my barrack-room
With the mercury down to zero;
I've learned the trade of a chambermaid
When I wanted to be a hero;
I've drilled and drilled till my bones were chilled
And my feet were a smarting blister—
Now it's home for mine with a girl divine
Who's willing to be my sister.

For it's *rag-tag-tac* and it's half-way back
From the Hudson to Kalamazoo;
And it's pull away for the lad in gray
Who longs for the Army Blue.

I'll swear or sneeze whenever I please;
I'll stick to my bed till Friday;
I'll never shave and I'll never lave
When I happen to feel untidy.



What white Gas-Light will Save you

TEN cents a day more!

Is it worth *that* to you to rid your home of perpetual Lamp-cleaning, Wick-trimming, Chimney-wiping and risky Kerosene filling?

Is it worth *ten* cents a day more to have your home lighted with brilliant, *white* Gas-light, that makes every bright object in it sparkle, and that spreads a soft, cheery glow, without a particle of Soot, Odor or excessive Heat?

Is it worth *ten* cents a day more to save the Eye-sight of your whole family from Eye-strain in reading at night, and probably from the later need of wearing spectacles through that continued Eye-strain?

* *

Well, there you have the worth of 30 cents a day defined in Satisfaction, Comfort and Health.

That means $93.60 per *year*.

And, the Life of a good Acetylene Gas Generator is more than *twenty* years.

It will bring a bigger 30 cents' worth of value, per day, to a Country Home, Store, or Hotel, than any investment ever put into paint, furniture or fancy food

It will bring (at 30 cents a day) $1,800 worth of solid Comfort, Time-saving, and Sight-saving, during its 20-year life.

And, it will *save* you a full *third* of your cost for Light during that 20 years, as compared with the cost of Kerosene against that of Carbide in giving the same candle-power of Light.

Now, an Acetylene Gas-light Generator, of reliable make, with all the Piping, Polished brass Fixtures, Burners, and fancy Globes, needed for an eight to ten room House, won't cost you *over* $150 complete, installed by a capable man at no expense to you.

And, about *two* days' time will install it—ready to touch a match to the burners and "Light up"—don't forget that.

* *

Over two million people are today using Acetylene Gas Light.

Yet there have been only *four* fires from it among all these people during a whole year, as against 8,222 fires from Kerosene and Gasoline during the same period.

Not *one* child has ever lost its life through Acetylene Gas Lighting, while thousands die yearly from Kerosene or Gasoline Accidents and Fires.

Now, *why* don't *you* send for my free book called "Sunlight-on-Tap" and find out a little more about this brilliant, white, economical and enormously *improved* Acetylene White Light?

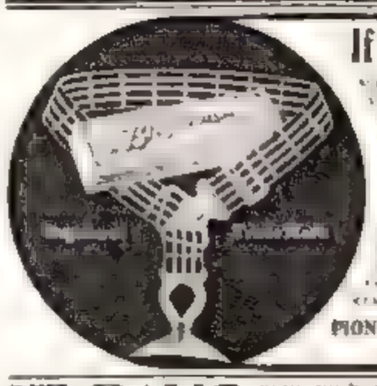
* *

Tell me how many rooms you've got in your Home, or Hotel, and how many feet long and wide your Store is.

Then I'll tell *you* just about how little it will cost to Light them with Acetylene by the modern system that saves.

Address me to-day as—

"Acetylene F. Jones," 161 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



If You Never Wore Garters

[illegible] pure silk [illegible] 25 [illegible]

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Makers of Pioneer Suspenders.

Flat BRIGHTON GARTERS Clasp

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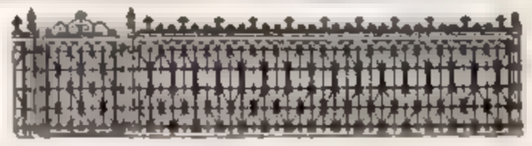
BLUE BOOK ON PATENTS
and list "WHAT TO INVENT," free to any [illegible] Patents secured or fee returned.
Geo. B. Vashon & Co., 902 F St., Washington, D. C.



Ornamental Fence Cheaper than wood—for lawns, churches and cemeteries—also heavy steel [illegible] for [illegible] sold direct to consumer. Catalogue Free. WARD FENCE CO., Box 98, Marion, Ind.

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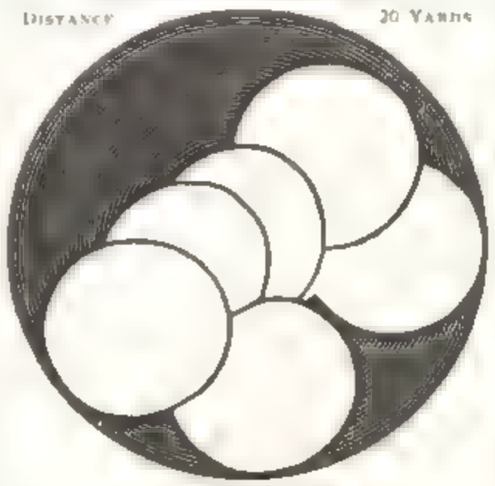

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To any lady who [illegible]

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231 Taylor Bldg. Battle Creek, Mich

"Prest-O-Lite"

[illegible]

No-Trouble Light for Automobiles

You never have to buy a new Prest-O-Lite apparatus, because every time you change tanks you get a perfect working, good as new outfit

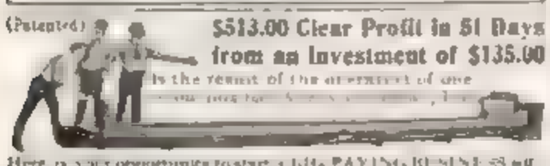
We will arrange a special test for any Automobile Owner to prove that we have a better, stronger, steadier light for less money and without any of the inconveniences that attend the use of any other system

Unless we prove this to be a fact, it doesn't cost you a penny.

Write us at once, say "show me," and that we may send you our [illegible]

THE PREST-O-LITE CO., Dept. 183, Indianapolis, Ind

(Patented)



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is the result of the operation of one [illegible]

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AMERICAN BOX BALL COMPANY, 1200 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

But when I "spruce," then I'll raise the deuce
In the heart of a certain girl-oh,
When I say good-by to the West Point sky
And I'm off for my months on furlough.

So it's *zig-boom-boom;* farewell, old broom,
And to cavalry drill adoo;
For I'm going, you bet, to try and forget
How I slaved for the Army Blue.

I saw two Plebe sentinels standing like living ramrods by the West Sally-port. Pouter-pigeon never puffed a finer chest; thoroughbred never arched a prouder chin than did those fledgling warriors as they slapped their little Springfields to port in deference to a passing Tac.

"No foolishness about these chaps," I said; "stern, determined warriors, already fitted to lead a faithful thousand into the very grave."

A few minutes later I saw my Plebe sentinels again, now off duty, sauntering hand on shoulder, back from a local candy-shop. They did not seem formidable, somehow, as they advanced holding a fat bag of gum-drops between them.

But the next figure to appear on the scene *was* impressive—an upper-class cadet-officer who paced it hep, hep, hep with the precision of an automaton.

"Here," I said, "is a soldier, a hero who needs but the quake of cannon and the scorch of gunpowder to make him great: a man of iron and sawdust."

The hero paused a moment, the cock's plume in his headdress blowing magnificently above his broad shoulders. Then he saw the gum-drop-laden Plebes and gazed upon them much as Mars would inspect a white mouse. He halted them thunderously and for a moment lectured them on the Regulations. But, as soon as he paused, one of the Plebes drew the bag of gum-drops from behind his back and offered it meekly to his superior.

With no loosening of his chin, with no puerile bending of his back, the Magnificent One delved a white-gloved hand into the sticky sweetness of the sack, faced about and stalked splendidly away, the very incarnation of Kingly Ambition and Military Power chewing a Gum-drop!

The Fatal Gum

(Continued from Page 6)

in the air. Them feet was riveted fast, you bet, and my joints just had to yield accordin'.

"'What is this we have?" said one alum-eye.

"'There was a gas lamp on the corner. They knew me by my face.

"'"Are you going to deal flagstones with your feet?" asks one of them.

"'Let's pull down the blinds. It was their whirl at the bat. They brought all the folks, includin' the old man and Tommy the cop.

"'They yee-hooed on my feet till I had to holler for mercy. Then they sat on the curb and rocked and hollered like the pack of fools they were. They tried to lift my shoulders up, but found that m'coat had took a violent affection for the sidewalk, too. Some of 'em didn't even try for the curb-stone then. They rolled around on the sidewalk and kicked their legs, whilest I frayed my vocal chords readin' their customs and habits to 'em.

"'But I was in a runnin' noose; the harder I cussed at 'em, the worse they laughed.

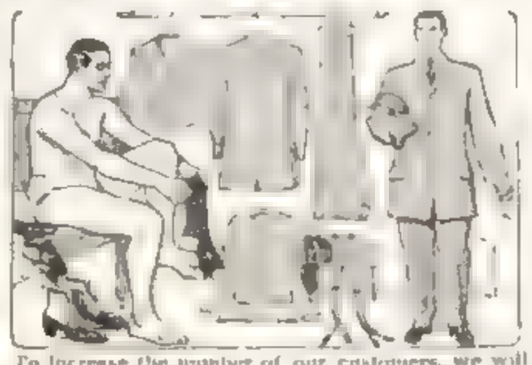
"'"Ain't he the slick one, though!" says the old man, holdin' on to his stummick with both hands. "Don't do nothin' more to him for a minute, boys, or the coroner'll be sittin' on me."

"'Every time I gee-nashed my teeth an' tried to reach 'em they waltzed on one leg and shrieked. There must 'a' been nigh three hundred fools watchin' and havin' the time of their lives. Little messenger-boys was there, the night-watchman took a peep, ladies with a past improved the shinin' present, the dago shoeblacks heard the racket and come runnin' up and hollered, "Choon'-gum extract! Ten' a cent!"

"'And there I lay, flat on my back, with my knees in the air, scart to move, because I couldn't wiggle a finger without the crowd throwin' a fit. Oh, murder! Le's cut it! They unlaced my shoes and snaked me out of my coat, and instead of bein' sad at them pathetical shoes and coat lying in the coal-tar, the boss fell over sideways and the rest was too feeble to stop me as I broke away.

Building of New Jersey Rubber Co. Lambertville, N J covered with Rex Flintkote Roofing
Rex Flintkote ROOFING
LOOK FOR THE BOY
TRADE MARK
REX ROOFING
Flintkote
How Does Your Roof Behave?
Some roofs are good for summer, some [illegible] good for winter. Few are good for both; many are good for nothing. Rex Flintkote is good for summer and winter alike, and on any kind of building.
Good for Summer—because the hottest sun can't expand it; the stiffest wind can't get under it; the most driving rain can't get through it; the longest wet spell can't dampen its underside; even the hottest sparks can't ignite its surface.
Good for Winter—[illegible] can't contract it so [illegible] crack it; [illegible] snow shows where it is, while the lowest temperature finds it as pliable as the finest, long-nap wool. It is easy to lay. Cuts like cloth. Can be [illegible] put on like a carpet. Any workman can do it. Says one user:
[illegible]
[illegible] on roofing points. Write
J. A. & W. BIRD & CO.
43 India St., Boston, Mass.
Everywhere

This To This $10



To increase the number of our customers, we will send without extra charges, with every suit ordered, [illegible] is needed to dress you complete in latest style [illegible] shirt, collars, cuffs, necktie, suspenders, socks and shoes—all of reliable quality and selected to look well with each suit. These extra articles have a cash value of at least $5.00. [illegible] shown above, is cut [illegible] latest Fall and Winter fashion. The coat has the long body effect, being nearly straight in front, with [illegible] flare back and center vent. [illegible] tailored to fit you perfectly [illegible] newest fabrics in coloring and pattern and above outfit a [illegible]

$10

Let us send you our [illegible] free, with large illustrations of [illegible] suit in back and front, also our new [illegible] samples, latest catalogue of men's furnishings, etc., all will be sent free.

The Gents' Complete Outfitting Co.

Dept. A-53, 242-244 Market Street, Chicago

Ref. Royal Trust Co. Bank, Chicago, Capital, $[illegible]

Made to Order to Your Special Measure by the Manufacturer

[illegible] above coats. 70 pin tucks front—70 pin tucks back, 3½ yds extra wide Heavy Black Chiffon Taffeta sewed in each waist. Special price $5.00

United Waist Co. 126 Sixth Av., New York

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For 12c Postage

[illegible] "Ten Great Stories." These [illegible] for $1.50 [illegible] above the remarks de series will send free on receipt of stamps to cover cost of mailing. Million already sold. Money [illegible] E. Loomis, 28 East 9th Street, New York.

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When you buy paints from the store [illegible] only half your money [illegible]

SAMPLE CARDS FREE [illegible] "Painting," it tells the whole story. Send your address to O. W. INGERSOLL, 237 Plymouth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Finest Guaranteed 1907 Models [illegible] **$10 to $27**

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all of best makes

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We Ship on Approval *without a cent deposit*, pay the freight and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

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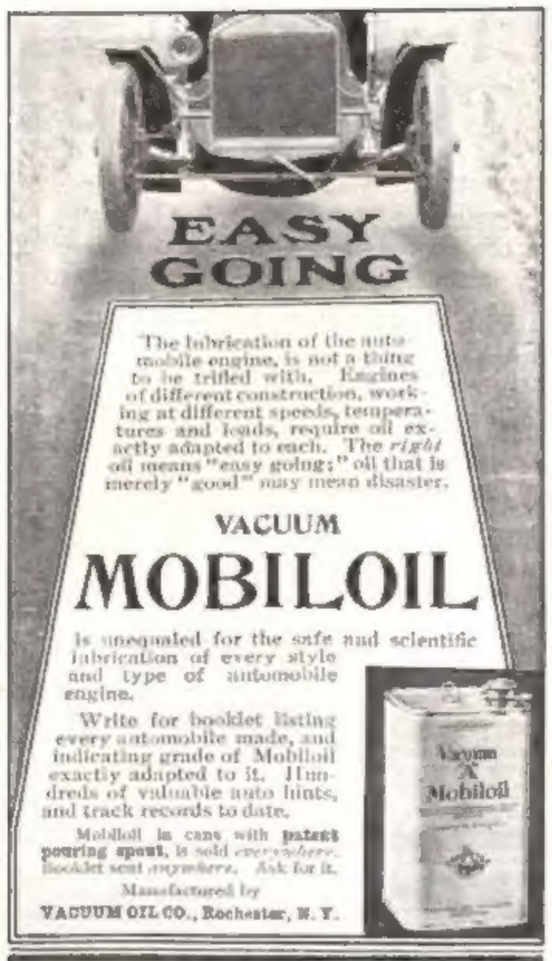
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as stenographer. There were 3 times as many positions offered to shorthand graduates of Gobley College, Wilmington, Delaware, last year as there were students to fill them. 122 "Gobley" graduates with one Wilmington firm; unusual opportunity is offered you; write the College for full particulars—interesting reply.

WHAT SCHOOL? We Can Help You Decide

Catalogues and reliable information concerning all schools and colleges furnished without charge.
(State kind of school.) American School & College Agency
150 41 Park Row, New York, or, 1060 Tribune Bldg., Chicago.

I made that block in two stocking-footed leps.

"'I had a hundred or two in my pants. I bought three dollars' worth of coat and shoes from a second-hand store for fifteen dollars and a promise that if anything happened I wouldn't mention the shop to the police. Then I come here, far from the gadding crowds, far from the lady with the developed jaw-swing, and I get—that.'

"Here," said Mr. Scraggs, "he p'inted to my chewin'-gum and wiped his white brow off with his white handkercher, and he says: 'Have we come to this?'

"'I swallered hard and looked at him.

"'Have you such a thing as a plug of terbackker in your possession?'

"'Yes,' says he, surprised. 'I have.'

"'Well,' says I, 'ruther than to further add to your troubles, I'll break my word to a lady—gimme that plug! We haven't come to this—this has come to us.'

"So I explained, and he opened his stock exchange. I reckon he was right about the bad effects of chewin'-gum, too, or may be what's a medal winner in N' York ain't art west of the Missouri. Anyhow, you don't hear me kickin' about that nice missionary young lady. If I cared for joolry, I'd be wearin' that tin-horn's diamon' chest protector right now. Gum has different effects on different people. 'Twas fatal to his constitooshun."

Money in Ferns

AFTER graduating from the Girls' High School in a well-known Southern town, I was eager to complete my education in a prominent college in a distant city. My father had suffered reverses, and informed me that it would be impossible to send me for the coming session. In April of the following spring, however, he told me that he thought he saw his way clear to send me the next fall if I was willing to practice the strictest economy. I knew that meant there would be a small allowance for clothes and pin-money.

I had fifteen dollars, so I thought I would see what I could do to increase the amount. I had always been successful with ferns, so decided to grow them for sale. I ordered one hundred ferns of the Boston varieties. I paid ten cents apiece for them, so that left me five dollars, out of which I paid one dollar for the express charges. The remaining four dollars I expended for thirty-two flower-pots, making fifty empty pots with the old ones on hand.

I repotted my old ferns on the first of May, dividing many of them. In this way I had thirty-five plants when the new ones came. I potted only thirty-five of the new ones, because I had used the other pots; the other sixty-five plants I placed in a long wooden box. These ferns were lifted later and potted just as fast as I could spare the money to buy them, until only forty ferns remained in the box.

I kept the ferns in the back yard under a pear-tree and rose-vines. When they began to grow I mulched them with old stable manure and gave them plenty of water. When I potted the last ferns some time in September, I found more than thirty small plants that had taken root and were thriving. I purchased thirty small tin pans of the size to fit a fern-dish used for the centre of a table, paying a dollar and twenty cents for them. I painted the pans green, making holes in the bottom; then filled them with the small ferns, putting several plants in one pan, trailing vines and petunias in the others.

During the first week in October, just before leaving for school, I inserted an advertisement in the afternoon paper. I sold every plant, and could have sold more, because they were very much larger than could be purchased for the same money at the florists'.'

I kept a strict account of every expenditure. After disposing of the ferns I found that I had spent ten dollars for one hundred ferns at ten cents each; ten dollars for eighty flower-pots, paying twelve and a half cents apiece; one dollar for express charges; a dollar and twenty cents for thirty pans at four cents each; twenty cents for a can of paint, and fifty cents for an advertisement; total, $22.90.

On ten of my plants I realized $12.50; I sold sixty-five for $48.75; sixty brought me thirty dollars, and I received nine dollars for the fern-dishes, making a total of $100.25. The $22.90 deducted from the $100.25 left me a profit of $77.35.

—*Alicia P. R.*

365 SHAVES
WITHOUT STROPPING

A shave every day in the year for less than two cents a week. One million satisfied users prove the supremacy of the Gillette double-edged wafer blades which require **No Stropping** and are **Always Sharp.** If there is a single user of the Gillette Razor who is not getting the utmost satisfaction, **we want to know it.**

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No Stropping. No Honing. Always Sharp.

50,000 double-edged blades a day are turned out at our factory—100,000 shaving edges—the strongest evidence that Gillette Razors are widely used and appreciated.

Every man should secure a Gillette Razor. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded on our 30 Days' Free Trial Offer. Most dealers make this offer; if yours won't, we will.

Prices: Triple Silver-plated Set with 12 blades, **$5;** Standard Combination Set with Shaving Brush and Soap in Triple Silver-plated Holders, **$7.50;** Extra Blades, 10 for **50c.**

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25 AND 50 CENTS
1¼ in., 25 cts.; 1½ in. and 2 in., 50 cts. If your Hatter, Clothier or Haberdasher can't supply you, remit price to
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The Chase of the Golden Plate

(Continued from Page 9)

The bag lay beside him and his left hand caressed it idly, lovingly.

"What luck did *you* have?" he asked again.

There was accusing indignation in the Girl's voice:

"You—you *stole* it!"

"Well, if you prefer it that way—yes."

The Burglar was staring steadily into the darkness toward that point whence came the voice, but the night was so dense that not a trace of the Girl was visible.

"It seems to me it was lucky I decided to take it at just this time and in these circumstances," he went on tauntingly—"lucky for you, I mean. If I hadn't been there you would have been caught."

Again came the startled gasp.

"What's the matter?"

He was still peering unseeingly into the darkness. The bag of gold plate moved slightly under his hand. He opened his fingers to close them more tightly. It was a mistake; his hand grasped—air.

"Stop that game now!" he commanded.

He struggled to his feet. His answer was the crackling of a twig to his right. He started in that direction and brought up with a bump against the automobile. He turned, still groping blindly, and embraced a tree with undignified fervor. To his left he heard another slight noise and ran that way. Again he struck an obstacle. Then he began to say things, expressive things. The treasure had gone—disappeared into the shadows. The Girl was gone. He called; there was no answer. He drew his revolver fiercely, as if to fire it; then reconsidered and flung it down.

"And I thought *I* had nerve!" he declared. It was a compliment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Shopping in Paris

(Concluded from Page 11)

commission. This prompts an assiduity, markedly absent in the manners of the New York clerk, which sometimes proves an annoyance to the American who prefers being "left alone to look around for herself."

At the Bon Marché the coöperative system has been successfully carried out: the employees after a number of years become stockholders.

These large department stores, are run on a cash basis. Each object sold must be paid for on delivery.

The credit system compared to that which customers are wont to enjoy in America and England is little practiced in France. The old Parisians pay their tailors and *fournisseurs* once, sometimes twice a year. But the butcher, the grocer, baker, milkman are paid weekly.

This does not mean that no one has debts in France!

An important merchant, referring to this matter of credit, said to me:

"Lately there has come into my possession a list of the purchases made by the various great families of France before the Revolution. I could not suppress a smile as I perceived that the observations regarding slowness of payment were affixed to the same family names in the eighteenth century as in the twentieth! *Noblesse oblige.* Not that there are any really bad debts among our aristocratic customers—only that sometimes we wait two generations or more for payment."

Every Monday morning all the year round there is a big sale at each of the department stores in Paris. The dates for these sales are fixed a year in advance.

Such precision, though it proves alluring from the cheapness it implies, does not in general appeal to the free American. Speaking of these weekly sales the owner of a large store in Twenty-third Street said to me:

"Such a thing as sales advertised twelve months in advance would be impossible here.

"If you go to the Bon Marché or the Louvre in Paris you will see exactly the same pattern in certain goods that you saw there years ago. There is a whole class of people who, no matter what the passing fashion may be, dress about alike. In New York"—he threw up his hands and laughed—"everybody wants the latest."

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The National Inverted Gas Light

gives a steady, full light downward, (where desired), of twice the candle power, at ½ the cost, of any vertical gas light, and 5 times, the candle power of an electric light, at 1-5 the cost.

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The cost complete with frosted globe and mantle $1.75.

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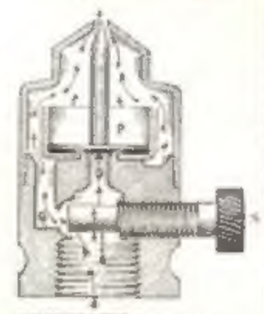
National Gas Light Company, 903 Porter Street, Kalamazoo, Mich.



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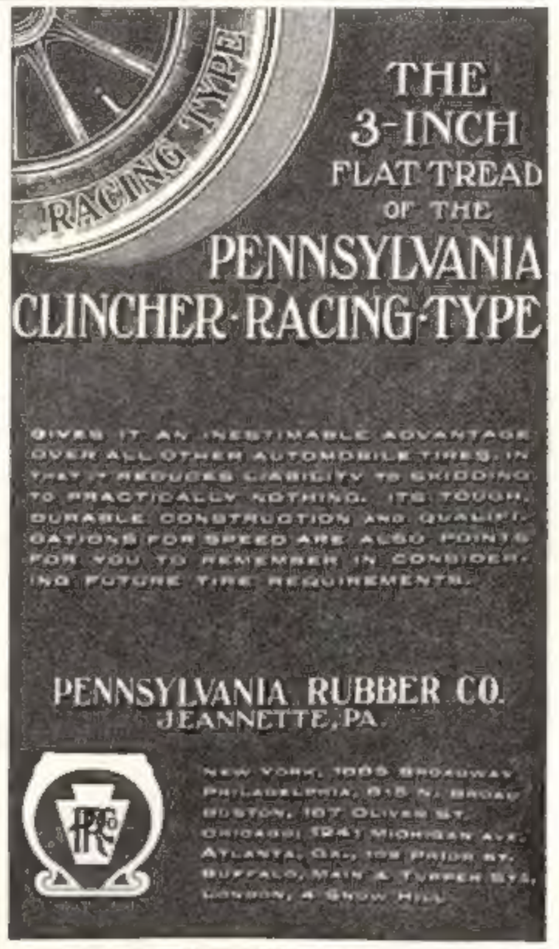
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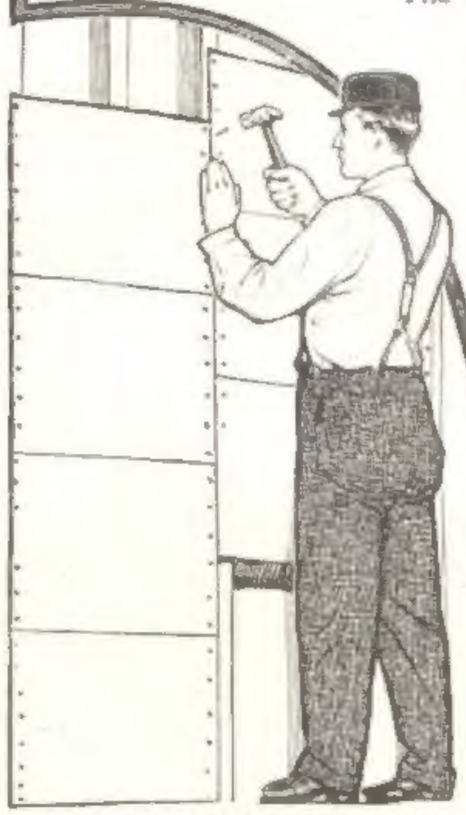

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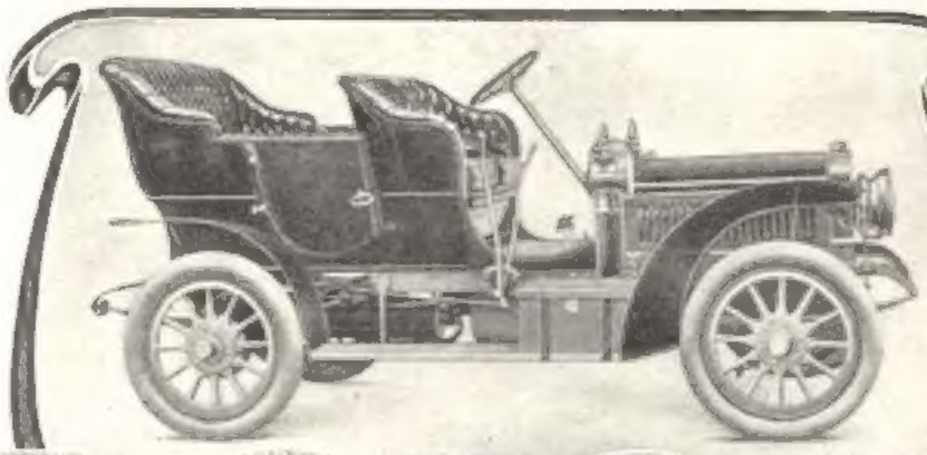

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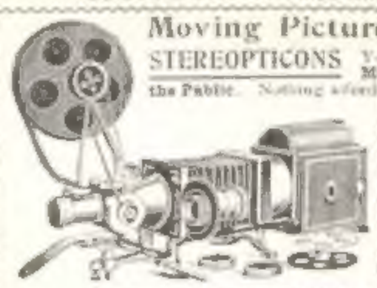

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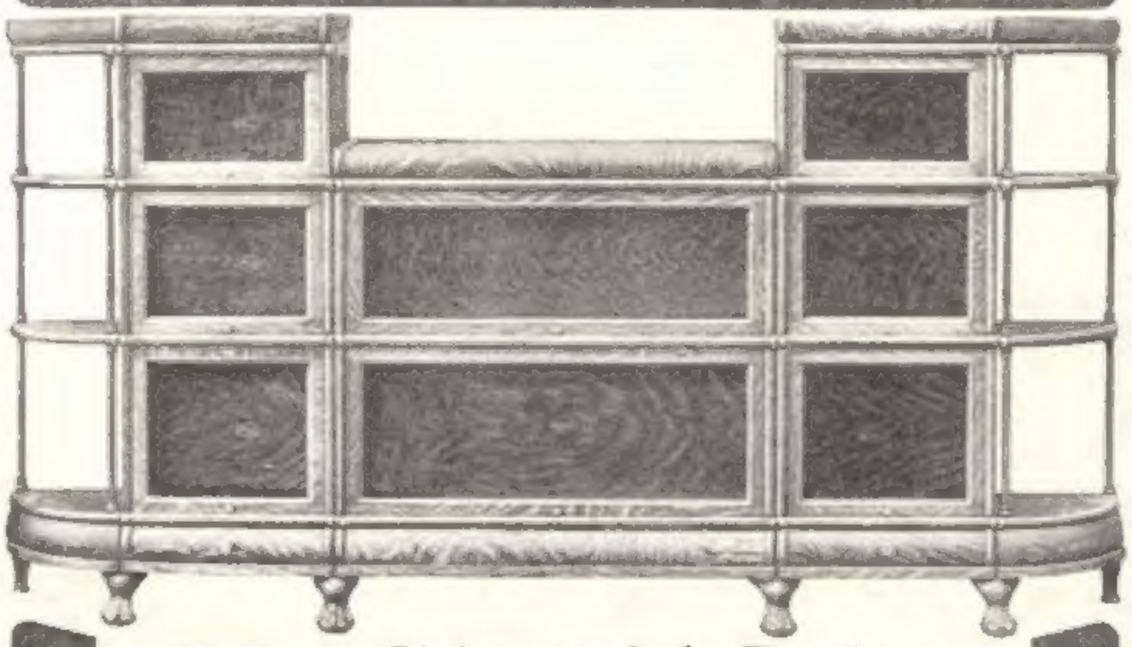

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